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EPISCOPAL PALACES OF ENGLAND

EPISCOPAL PALACES OF ENGLAND

BY

EDMUND VENABLES M.A.

Late Canon and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral

AND OTHERS

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER ANSTED

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NEW YORK
THOMAS WHITTAKER
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TO HIS GRACE

THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

THIS RECORD

OF ANCIENT PALACES AND MANORS

ATTACHED TO THE SEES OF ENGLAND

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The scheme of the present volume was projected by the late Precentor Venables, who unhappily did not survive to finish the work for which he was so eminently qualified; but the portion of the task which was left undone has been happily completed by the hearty and sympathetic co-operation of the Rev. Dr. Sparrow Simpson, the Rev. J. Cave-Browne, the Rev. A. R. Maddison of Lincoln, and Canon Church, the brilliant historian of the Cathedral of Wells.

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Lambeth Palace.

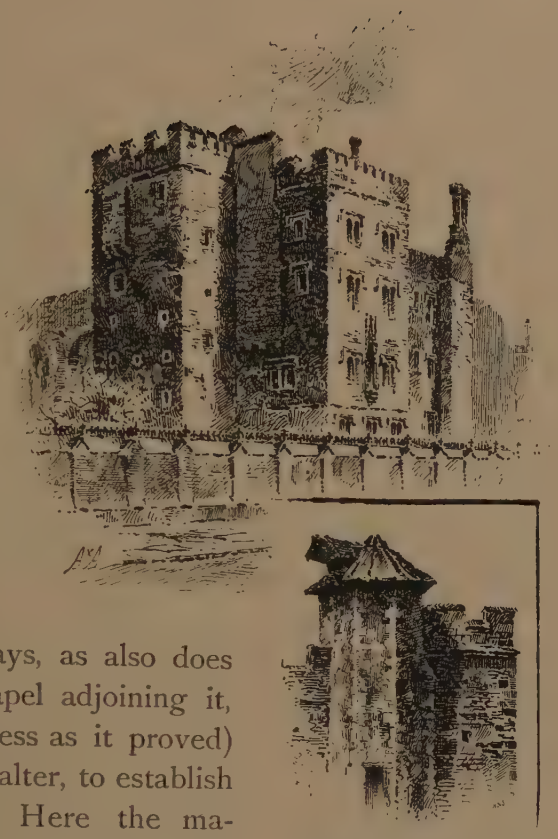
I

HOW few even among lifelong Londoners know anything about Lambeth Palace—or as till the middle of the last century it was always called, Lambeth House, and really more correctly so, for the term "Palace" was originally strictly confined to the residence of a bishop adjacent to his cathedral. When down to half a century ago the old Bishop's Walk, with its line of posts closing up each end, and beyond it the narrow dirty Fore Street, supplied the only connection between Stangate and Vauxhall, such ignorance might have been excusable. But now, with the broad airy Embankment, a great artery of traffic reaching from Westminster Bridge almost to that at Vauxhall, it seems strange, considering the multitudes that daily pass under its walls. The thousands who take their pleasure occasionally on a river steamboat along "Thames' still high way," often carry away the vague impression that that sombre pile of stone and brick is the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but do not give it a thought—have no conception—how deeply the history of the English nation and the English Church is engraven on those old walls.

Now every part of this range of buildings speaks to those who will hear of the dynasties that have swayed the sceptre of England, from the days of the Norman, down through

the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs, even to the present day.

Our space forbids us to attempt to give more than a very brief sketch, a faint outline of that history. To go back seven hundred years: it owed its existence as the possession of the primates of England, and eventually as their residence, to a quarrel between the gallant crusader Archbishop Baldwin (1185–1193) and the monks of Christ Church Priory, Canterbury; which arose from the twofold relation of the Archbishop to the priory, and to the Southern Province. He was both prior of the convent and primate of the province. In the one case the monks claimed the right of election, in the other the choice was claimed by the suffragans of the province. The rival claims were sometimes adjusted by the king, and sometimes by the pope, intervening, and taking the right of nominating to the vacant see out of the hands of both parties. Thus, almost every vacancy supplied an occasion for a contest. In other ways, too, the Christ Church monks endeavoured to cripple the action of the archbishops. To avoid this interference Archbishop Baldwin resolved to establish, if possible, a Chapter of Seculars, apart from the priory. He first selected St. Stephen's, but it was too near Canterbury; then Maidstone, but this the monks resisted; and finally, obtaining by exchange with the Bishop of Rochester a piece of marshy ground on the banks of the Thames (called from its position and character "Loamhythe"), which would bring him within touch of the Court, where he was an influential favourite, he decided to plant his new chapter there. But here, too, as in each other place, the monks, by intriguing at Rome, were able to thwart his plans; and eventually he was compelled to give up the chapter plan, and to content himself with making Lambeth his private residence. To his successor, Hubert Walter (1193–1207), was left the work of giving substantial effect to Baldwin's project.



THE TOWERS AND BELL TURRET

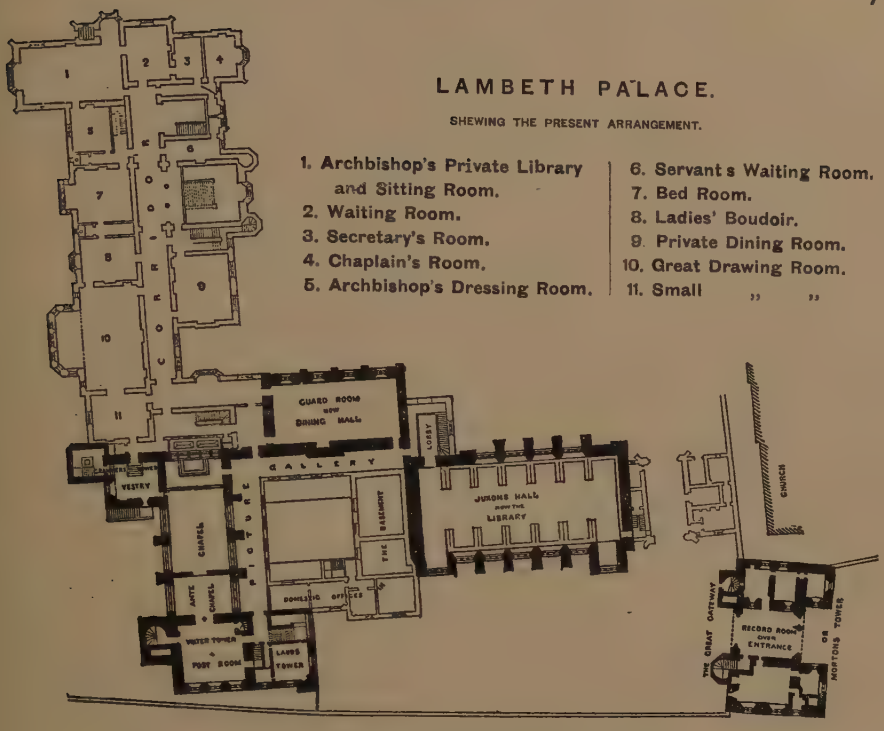
That grey stone tower on the north end of the river-side block, erroneously called the "Lollards' Tower," contains in itself to this day traces of that struggle between the successive primates and the monks. From its northern face projects a square turret, the base of which betrays, as also does the base of the chapel adjoining it, the first effort (fruitless as it proved) made by Hubert Walter, to establish his chapter there. Here the masonry still proclaims the rough massive handiwork of the twelfth century, and shows how nearly the pickaxes of the papal emissaries at the instigation of the monks, laid the devout work of the zealous primates "level with the ground."

After Hubert Walter came Stephen Langton (1207–1229), the dauntless champion of right and liberty against the licentious tyranny of King John. And though there is no direct proof of his having had any hand in adding to the building which his two predecessors had so much at heart, the inference is strong that to him may be assigned the honour of raising a northern tower, and perhaps too of raising the walls of the chapel on the ruins of Hubert

Walter's foundation. For, when a quarter of a century later, Boniface had been thrust into the primacy, and, to atone for the crime his Savoyard savagery had perpetrated against the monks of St. Bartholomew the Great, was required by the Pope to "restore the buildings at Lambeth," it is evident that some buildings existed at the time in a state of disrepair; and the masonry of that tower, as well as of the chapel wall, seems to tell the tale that his work of compulsory retribution, or expiation, began a few feet above the foundation, when he produced that exquisite range of lancet windows, a masterpiece of the architectural taste and skill of that period, rivalling, if not exceeding in beauty, the nave of the Temple Church, which was being raised at the same time.

Thus, probably, the building remained for about a century; the chapel, and, at its north-western end, a tower, of which only the present stair turret now remains. Of that earlier tower the greater part was doubtless removed by Chichele (1414–1443), who reared in its place the imposing pile of stone work, the date and cost of which are fully chronicled in the Lambeth archives. Of that noble tower, with its still graceful niche in which once stood the figure of Canterbury's canonised primate, Thomas à Becket, special notice must be made to vindicate the fair fame of its illustrious founder from a gross calumny.

It has been already said that that imposing grey stone pile, commonly known as Chichele's "Lollards' Tower" is erroneously so called. It has come to be a stereotyped idea that Archbishop Chichele erected it as a prison for the confinement of that sadly persecuted body. Now the general character of that generous and munificent primate repudiates the imputation that he could ever have contemplated an object so utterly at variance with the spirit of his whole life. History, too, by its silence confirms the contradiction; for



PLAN OF LAMBETH PALACE

old John Foxe, the martyrologist, and contemporary chroniclers, while they show that the other prison-houses of London swarmed with the victims of that bitter persecution, do not mention a single instance of a "Lollard" as such, having been confined at Lambeth. The whole story is a fiction; the production of the ignorant fanaticism of the seventeenth century, which, having in the great fire of London lost the original "Lollards' Prison," which stood by St. Paul's Cathedral and close to Bishop Bonner's palace, found in a small chamber at the top of the old turret stair at Lambeth a room which enabled them to revive the "Lollard" outcry, and to denounce prelacy in general. That room, which still retains the massive rings, and on its wooden panelling the inscriptions telling of incarcerated sufferers,

must have existed at least two hundred years before Chichele's primacy, and had no doubt been used by his predecessors for confinement of "criminous clerks and suspects," for it is part of the earlier tower which he found at Lambeth, and on the site of which he built what is more rightly called the "Water Tower." So much for the Lambeth "Lollards' Prison."

The very construction of this Water Tower tells its own tale, and gives an insight into the state life of a fourteenth century dignitary. Here, at the head of a short flight of steps leading from the outer court, is a spacious room, occupying the entire area of the tower, which doubtless served as the primate's court, or audience chamber. It was also a passage room, leading to a flight of steps on the north side, by which, with the Thames then flowing up to its walls, the archbishops could "take water" in their state barge moored close by, and hence it was known as the "Water Tower." A close and careful examination of the outer wall on the north side will still disclose the course of the stone steps which led down to the waterside, and also above them, in outline, where stood the door by which egress was gained from the room within, while on the inside wall (as the present writer can remember) stood but a half-century ago the panelled door by which access was gained to the water.

Under the destructive hand of modern restoration by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that inner door has disappeared. Yet it was full of history. Down those stairs, through that door, had been borne the corpse of Archbishop Deane, when, at the close of his brief primacy, his body was placed on the state barge to be conveyed to its burial at Faversham. Here, too, passed the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, when, after having heard the dread sentence of her divorce in the crypt beneath the chapel, she floated down the river to the Tower, and the block. Here, too, the saintly John Fisher, Bishop

CROYDON PALACE, ONE OF THE RESIDENCES OF THE SEE

of Rochester, and the learned Sir Thomas More, passed a few years after to meet a like fate. It was probably at the foot of those steps that the historic interview took place between Henry VIII. and Cranmer, when the king warned him of the evil designs of his Canterbury Chapter. Any the faintest traces of such scenes would have been precious. All are now lost!

There is yet another tradition connected with Archbishop Chichele and this room which should not pass unnoticed. In its centre stands a massive post, which has obtained for it the name of the "Post Room;" and to that very useful but by no means ornamental support, designed clearly to shore up a long beam which was dipping under the heavy weight above, attaches another imputation against the character of Archbishop Chichele. It was not enough that he should have been credited with the infamy of building this tower as a prison for the Lollards, but he is actually represented by local tradition with having used this post for the purpose of having those poor "heretics," as they were deemed, fastened

up here and whipped, before being consigned to the prison above. Hence it was called "Chichele's Whipping Post." And this probably because he was instrumental in passing an Act by which the Lollards were in some cases to be subjected to this form of punishment. Now his predecessor Arundel had been the means of having an Act passed, with which his name is especially associated, called the Act for "Burning Heretics," while the gentler spirit of Chichele succeeded in obtaining a mitigation of the extreme sentence by what was known as his "Whipping Act," under which many a poor Lollard's life was really saved, instead of being sacrificed.

The basement of this tower served for the kitchens and cellars, while the upper stories furnished private and sleeping apartments for the archbishop and his staff. They are now used, with the rooms of the smaller tower adjoining (of which presently) as the town residences of different bishops of the more distant sees of the southern province. Unfortunately, the misnomer of the entire building is being perpetuated by the appearance of the words, "The Lollards' Tower," at the private entrance on the Embankment!

Taking this range of buildings in chronological order we pass to the main entrance gateway. This is called "Morton's Tower, or Gateway," having been built by him in the closing years of the fifteenth century. The century and a half which had passed since his predecessor built the Water Tower had seen great changes in the state and domestic life of England. The Lord Cardinal Archbishop (1486–1502), the personal friend and trusted adviser of Henry of Richmond, the man whose influence brought about the union of the two houses of Lancaster and York by the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, needed for his residence a more stately range of building than had sufficed for the less exalted Chichele. To supply that need rose this stately gateway of brick, one of the earliest buildings of that material in London, only

MORTON'S GATEWAY AND THE GREAT HALL (NOW THE LIBRARY) FROM THE OUTER COURT

rivalled perhaps by that of Lincoln's Inn in Chancery Lane. It once, no doubt, stood out with its diagonal lines of glazed brick and stone dressings imposing and grand, fit for the residence of the dignitary who raised it; but time and London smoke have done much to give it now the appearance of what it has been occasionally mistaken for, "the gloomy portal" of a prison. Yet, with all its gloom, it is a noble edifice; and it has its history. The central block consists of a wide spanned Tudor doorway, with a smaller one beside it: while over it, running the full depth of the building and lighted by a perpendicular window at each end, is a spacious room, of considerable height and admirable proportions. This was doubtless the Lord Cardinal's state apartment (now used as a muniment room), in which only a few years ago there still hung on the walls, over the oak

panelling, the original rush matting which in those days did duty for tapestry. This centre block is flanked on either side by a stately five-storied tower. The basement of the tower on the left, now used as the living-room of the porter, was the office of the Prerogative Court, while the story above served as the cardinal's parlour, having still on one side a cupboard-like recess in which was his simple fold-up bed; the upper stories supplying the sleeping apartments for his retinue.

And the other tower has its history too. It must be remembered that in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, bishops had not only their own courts for the trial of "criminous priests," but also in their palaces prison rooms, or cells, for their confinement; while many of their prisoners or *détenus* would be allowed a certain amount of liberty within the precincts of the palace. Traces of the presence of both classes of such prisoners may be found in this eastern tower. In the basement, passing through what would have been the warder's room, on the right is a small inner chamber, in which may be seen the iron rings for the more refractory inmates, and names and emblems cut on the stone walls tell of some of the whilom inmates: while the other side of the warder's room reveals the plan adopted for the safe custody of that better class of so-called prisoners, men who were under detention rather than confinement, and who were allowed a certain freedom. A small cupboard in the left-hand wall of this room now conceals a grating of iron which opened out into the winding stair leading to the upper apartments in the tower; through that opening the warder could see each man as he passed up or down between his room and the courtyard beyond. Here, possibly in one of those rooms or else in the Water Tower, no less distinguished victims of religious suspicion than Hugh Latimer, Bishop Thirleby, first of Westminster, then of Norwich, and eventually of Ely,

and Cuthbert Tunstal, the deposed Bishop of Durham, were "detained"—may we not say "found sanctuary?"—and, as Strype says of Bishop Thirleby, "found more pleasure in their imprisonment under the gentle, large-hearted Parker than in the midst and fullest stream of their highest honours."

Passing through the gateway into the outer court beyond, the eye detects immediately in front a lower tower of brick, leaning under the taller grey stone Water Tower, already described, showing that this block of towers is composed of three separate buildings, representing three distinct periods, the periods of Stephen Langton, Chichele, and Laud. If the interval between Chichele and Morton had, as we have noticed, been marked by a great change in the circumstances and style of domestic life, a still greater change had taken place during the century and more which separated Morton's primacy from that of Laud. Trifling as the remark may seem, it is not the less true that one of the features of that change may be detected in the form and plan of staircases. The old spiral stair running up the earlier turret on the north furnished the only access to the upper rooms in Chichele's Water Tower, and the stone newel stair gave access dignified enough to Cardinal Morton's gateway towers. But when Archbishop Laud came to Lambeth (1633–1645), the requirements of state and social life had greatly advanced. Those upper rooms in the Water Tower demanded a more easy and fitting access than was offered in the only existing stair in Langton's turret. So one of the first acts of Laud was to add on the south side a smaller tower with a more dignified staircase which should make the upper stories of the Water Tower more accessible, and also to add a few more rooms more adapted to the demands of privacy and comfort. Such were the origin and object of this third tower, the rooms of which are now used, as already mentioned, by

bishops of remote dioceses during the sessions of Parliament.

Postponing account of the chapel and the great hall, now the library, we pass on to notice one other tower, lying at the north-east angle of the chapel, connected with the name of Cranmer (1533-1556). Of its history and the circumstances under which it was built there is apparently no record. It is only known as "Cranmer's Tower." The lower room, which opens into the chapel, and is now used as a vestry, is said to have been "Cranmer's parlour," while the one above, also opening by the most eastern of Boniface's lancet windows into the chapel, and now utilised as the organ chamber, is supposed to have been his bedroom. The single incident of interest attaching to the lower of these rooms is connected with the chapel, and will be duly noted.

CRANMER'S TOWER AND THE CHAPEL EXTERIOR

While Laud's addition to Chichele's Water Tower confronts the visitor at Lambeth Palace as he passes under the great gateway into the outer courtyard, a still more imposing building attracts his attention on his right hand. This is

the historic great hall or banqueting chamber, now more commonly known, from its zealous restorer, as "Juxon's Hall," and used as the library. The famed antiquary, Dr. Ducarel, who first wrote the history of the palace, thinks that it probably formed part of the expiatory work of Archbishop Boniface. If so, its foundation was probably due to Stephen Langton. In 1321, in a "Compotus Ballivorum" of Archbishop Reynolds, it is called "aula magna," the great hall, and bears traces of having shared in the general work of improvement under Chichele, as its whole character, conscientiously restored by Juxon, indicates. And such a building would form a necessary adjunct to the baronial residences of those feudal times. Here would have taken place the grand ceremonials of those days. Here councils sat under Boniface himself, and Peckam, Simon de Meopham, and Islip. Here too were the lordly banquets, not only on the occasion of consecrations, which were continued till the year 1828, but also those of daily life. Here, no doubt, Cranmer sat at the head of his table when Henry VIII. sent the unscrupulous calumniator, Sir John Seymour, to satisfy himself of the groundlessness of the charge that the archbishop was avaricious and lacking in the hospitality due to his position; and he was compelled to confess on his knees to the king that he had maligned the archbishop, whose self-denying liberality was proverbial. Here, too, Parker and many of his successors had exercised the gift of hospitality. Each in his turn reverently maintained the historic "dole" which Archbishop Winchelsea had established centuries before.

And far different were some of the scenes enacted in this hall. Here were held many of the State trials which from time to time marked the great crises through which the Church and nation were passing. Here probably sat the special commission before whom Sir Thomas More, pronounced by no mean judge to have been "the noblest layman England

ever had," and by his side the aged and scarcely less noble prelate, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, stood in 1534, and at the peril of their lives refused to take the oath which transferred the supremacy from the Pope to the king, or to recognise the royal succession in Anne Boleyn, then in the heyday of her short-lived triumph.

In this hall too, in 1550, stood Bonner, Bishop of London, and Gardiner, of Winchester, before Cranmer whom they hated so intensely, to meet the charge of defying their boy king and his uncle, the (so-called) Protector; and—such is the irony of fate—within five short years in the same hall sat Bonner and Gardiner now supreme in power, to condemn the man who had before sat there in judgment on them.

Pass on a century, and see this noble building wrecked under a fanaticism (falsely called religion) and as irreligious a greed. When the Puritan party came into power, the palace was handed over to two of their *confrères*, Colonel Scot and Matthew Hardy. The one desecrated the chapel, the other demolished the hall and sold the materials. Thus disappeared the original roof and walls which told of Boniface and Chichele and Cranmer—a roof which was not unworthy to be compared with that in the old royal palace at Eltham, and bore no mean resemblance to the grander one in Westminster Hall.

Happily the Restoration placed in the Primate's chair a "repairer of the breach, a restorer of the paths to dwell in," in the person of the saintly Juxon. To him the building owes its preservation. He found it a ruin. Of his own liberality he supplied the funds for its rebuilding, and stipulated that it should be as far as possible a revival of the earlier edifice. To him we owe it that, in spite of a few so-called adornments of the Renaissance style, then in full flavour, so much appears to carry back the mind to the times and taste of Chichele.

So remained the hall from Juxon's day to that of Archbishop Howley; it had come to be little more than a covered

way, through a heavy doorway in the southern bay, into the private apartments; the only trace of its earlier use that survived being the substantial rows of tables which continued to line the side walls. When Dr. Howley—that "edifier of the Church," as Bishop Blomfield used to call him—came to Lambeth, he entered upon the great work of sweeping away all the promiscuous jumble of rooms which one after another his predecessors had added, and substituting for them, under Mr. Blore, the present handsome edifice. The hitherto useless hall he converted into a library, in which he placed the rich collections of Bancroft and Tenison and Secker. It is not only in the well-filled bookcases, which project from the walls on either side, or in the glass cases in each recess with their valuable illuminated MSS. displayed, that the real wealth of this collection is to be estimated, but far more in the unrivalled series of registers, embracing not only the Diocese of Canterbury, but ranging over the whole province from the later years of the thirteenth century. To these, too, may be added a vast collection of Biblical and other MSS. preserved in the adjoining muniment room.

RENAISSANCE DOORWAY IN THE LIBRARY

Diagonally with the former entrance through the southern bay on the west side, at the extreme end of the east wall, is a handsome doorway of the Italian type of the Renaissance school, opening into a lobby, and in it a staircase which leads to another historic portion of this edifice, the old "guard-room," as it was called, where, in former days, the armed retinue of the Primate would have kept guard, and have challenged every entrance into the private apartments. Now

LAMBETH PALACE IN 1790

halbert and pike, and lance and arquebus, which erst were ranged against its walls, have given place to a noble array of portraits of the successive occupants of the primatial see, in unbroken series from Warham to the present archbishop and several of earlier date, while the centre of the room bears witness to the advance of social intercourse, for the old guard-room is now the dining-hall. In addition to the portraits of the archbishops themselves, there are those of contemporaries, laymen as well as clerics, whose lives fill no unimportant place in the annals of the country. Here one

LAMBETH CHURCH

can trace the changes of costume, the variations of coiffure, and the fluctuations of art, through which England has been passing in the course of the last four centuries.

Passing along the gallery which runs beside the dining-hall, we return to what was our starting-point, the chapel, which has been so closely connected with momentous events in the history of the English Church. Here, in the lower portion of the walls and the crypt, as we mentioned at the outset, are vestiges of the work of Archbishops Baldwin and Hubert Walter, and probably of Stephen Langton too. The crypt was possibly first used for worship, but more commonly, it may be, as a court of justice. It then presented a greater elevation; but the constant rise of the water with each tide of the Thames flowing by rendered it necessary to raise the

floor till it came within a few feet of the spring of the arches of the roof. The crypt then became useless for such purposes, and was degraded, until a few years ago, into a wine-cellar.

When we come to the time of Archbishop Boniface, we can pass from conjecture and inference and tread the firmer and more substantial ground of history. It was he who, however reluctantly and under compulsion, raised the upper portion of the walls ; to him we are indebted for those exquisite lancet windows, triplets in north and south walls, and at the east and west ends graduated groups of five lancets. Those at the east remain with their beautiful Purbeck marble shafts, as at first, while at the west the arches were retained, but the lights were built up by Chichele when he added on the Water Tower ; with a small aperture left in the central light, no doubt to serve as a hagioscope for the occupants of the upper chambers of the tower. The chapel seems to have found its first beautifier in the person of Cardinal Morton ; for he filled the window-lights with scriptural scenes in stained glass, and decorated the then flat roof, introducing at each juncture of the panels his own *rebus* or initial M. Of its history, beyond the record of occasional consecrations, little is to be found in the Lambeth Registers.

One event certainly demands special notice. Here, in the year 1378 (on the authority of Walsingham), had stood the brave, faithful John Wickliffe, arraigned for the second time before Archbishop Sudbury for heretical teaching on the vexed question of Transubstantiation. On the first occasion it was in St. Paul's Cathedral, when John of Gaunt and Lord Percy, Earl-Marshal, were at his side as friends and champions, and through their commanding influence he was liberated. But now all was changed. Neither prince nor noble came to the rescue ; the great reformer seemed to stand alone, undefended, unprotected, when suddenly a crowd of London

THE MAIN FRONT OF THE PALACE

citizens rushed into the chapel, and at the same moment appeared a messenger from the queen-mother, bringing a mandate to the Primate, forbidding any sentence being passed on him. Thus a second time Wickliffe escaped unhurt.

It is, however, in connection with Archbishop Parker that the interest in this chapel increases and is intensified. Singled out by Elizabeth for the primacy, which the death of Cardinal Pole had made vacant—for he had been the chaplain and steadfast supporter and comforter of her murdered mother, Anne Boleyn, and had evinced by his learning and sound judgment his fitness for the post—his whole life more than justified his selection. In this chapel he was consecrated by four bishops who, in a striking manner, illustrated the various schools of thought and belief of that day: Barlow, of Bath; Scory, of Hereford; Hodgskins, Suffragan of Bedford; and old Miles Coverdale, late of Exeter; in whose persons, despite the cavillings and denials of the Church of Rome, the validity of the Anglican Orders were undoubtedly and amply preserved. Accounts of that consecration, every detail of it (as if it were to be controverted), were fully recorded both by the archbishop's chaplain and in the archbishop's own handwriting, and are still preserved, the one in the Lambeth library and the other in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The room "by the north door," used on that occasion for robing, already described as having been Cranmer's parlour, still remains, and is still used as a vestry.

Not only in his consecration, but in his daily life—ay, and even in his death—is this chapel associated with the name of Matthew Parker. Here at the south side of the communion-table he was daily wont to kneel in prayer, and the spot had become so sacred to him that he expressed the wish to be buried there. His tomb was prepared during his lifetime, and on his death his body was laid in it; and while the bodies of his predecessors had found more distinguished sepulture,

no grave probably has so notable a history as the plain altar tomb in Lambeth Chapel.

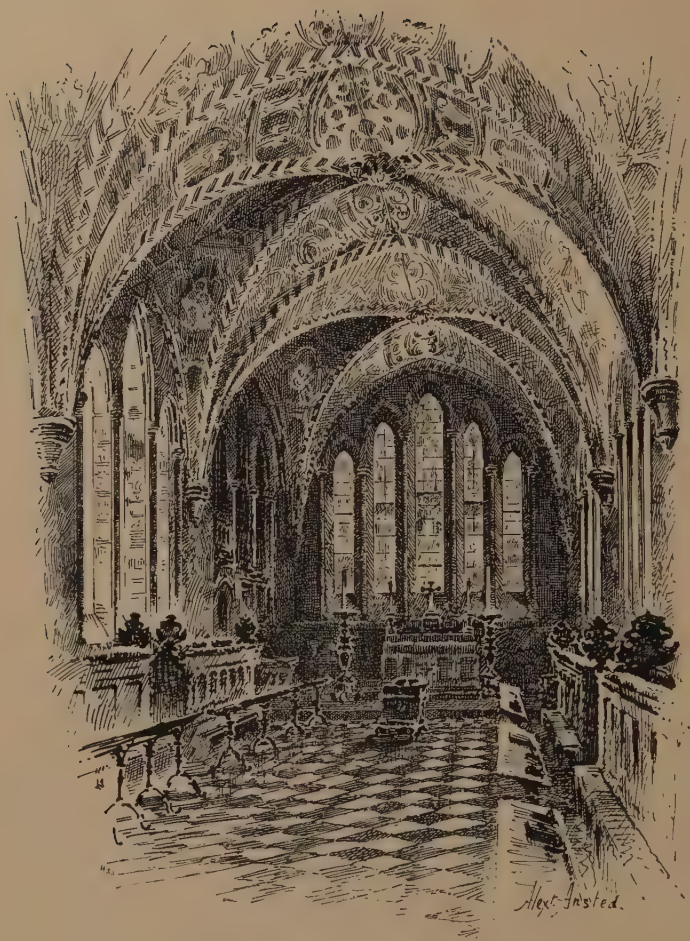
Here his remains rested for seventy years, the chapel itself meanwhile witnessing many a change. Morton's beautiful windows were mutilated under the iconoclastic zeal of the Protector Somerset, the use of the cope was discontinued under Archbishop Abbot; and when Laud succeeded he found as he said "the chapel lay so nastily, and the windows were so peeced and quite out of order and reparation that it grieved his very heart to see it in such a condition." To repair it was to him a labour of love; his first effort was to restore so far as he was able from the prints in "Biblia Pauperum" the shattered windows, and to revive the scenes of Scripture type and narrative which Morton had introduced one hundred and fifty years before. But this very act of pious restoration formed the basis of one of the weighty charges against him, that he was bringing back image worship and idolatry. This and many more of his actions helped to bring him eventually to the block, and his beloved Lambeth and its chapel soon fell into the hands of his enemies. While the great hall fell to Matthew Hardy, the chapel met with even a sadder fate at the desecrating hands of Colonel Scot. What fragments of Morton's windows had escaped the onslaught of the minions of Somerset were now utterly demolished by the fanatics of the Parliament. Nor was this all. The chapel was used for dining and dancing by the ribald soldiery, and in such festivities the presence of the tomb, and the consciousness of the corpse within, did violence even to their hardened feelings, so they rifled the tomb and threw the bones of the good archbishop upon a dunghill! There they lay for some years, for all Archbishop Juxon's efforts to recover them and restore them to their more fitting resting-place were in vain; nor were they discovered until Sheldon's time, when the remains were collected and placed in a leaden case and buried in the centre

of the chapel, where a small diamond-shaped stone marks the spot with this touching inscription :

CORPUS
MATTHEI
ARCHIEPISCOPI
TANDEM HIC
QUIESCIT

Archbishop Juxon's pious affection for his beloved master and predecessor, Laud, is to be seen in every part of the chapel which he reverently restored. Over the west door, and on the poppy-heads of the stalls, are the arms of Laud impaling those of the See of Canterbury.

With the exception of the addition of a high panelling on the north and south sides, which were the work of Secker, the chapel remained as Juxon had left it until the time of Archbishop Howley ; under whom, when carrying out the extensive building of the private apartments, an important alteration was made. The ceiling underwent a great change ; from having always been flat and panelled, it was now arched and groined, the high panelling which Secker had introduced was entirely removed, and the full beauty of the lancet windows was displayed by their being brought down to their proper base. But it was left for Archbishop Tait to take full advantage of the improvements which his predecessor Howley had carried out. His own liberality and that of his family and personal friends filled once more the windows with stained glass as nearly as might be on the lines that Morton had designed and Laud restored. Among those windows is one to which special personal interest attaches ; it was presented by the bishops from America, who had come over to attend the Lambeth Pan-Anglican Council in 1876, in memory of the archbishop's son, Crauford Tait, who had recently died, and whom they had learned to honour and love during his recent visit among them. In addition to the stained glass in the windows,



LAMBETH PALACE CHAPEL IN 1895

the work of frescoing the walls was begun, and this was further carried out by his successor, the present archbishop, who has also introduced into the ante-chapel the heraldic blazonry of each of the several primates whose piety had contributed to its adornment.

Such is the chapel of to-day—an architectural gem, little more perhaps than a domestic sanctuary, but in its history "a national shrine." For many years, in the earlier days of the

Colonial Church, it was the scene of every consecration. From it went forth the first bishops to America, to India, to Australia, bearing with them the full apostolic commission and the pure evangelic doctrine. And to it from each of England's daughter churches do devout hearts lovingly turn in grateful acknowledgment of the blessings, the gifts, the graces, that have flowed from thence to the remotest regions of the world.

BISHOPTHORPE

II

OF all the strong castles and noble mansions once belonging to the Archbishops of York—Cawood, Southwell, Ripon, Whitehall, and others, in addition to York itself—the Manor House of Bishopthorpe is the only residence now remaining to the see. And we must acknowledge that it is in every way worthy of such a survival. Fair in situation, stately in building, ample in size, embowered in noble trees, with the broad Ouse washing its walls and sweeping below its gardens, few episcopal homes are at once so beautiful and so full of historical interest. Built originally in the thirteenth century, enlarged, remodelled, partially rebuilt and altered by successive primates, according to the requirements of the times and the changing taste of the day, Bishopthorpe bears the stamp of the long series of occupants, from Walter Gray downwards, whose arms are carved in its masonry and whose portraits hang on the walls of its stately chambers.

Bishopthorpe has been spoken of as a "manor-house," and this has been done advisedly. The title "palace," which incorrectly, and, we think, unhappily, had come to be applied to it, has been wisely dropped by the present archbishop. It is high time to get rid of the notion, productive of no little cheap abuse of the Church and her

dignitaries, that every bishop's house is necessarily a palace. The titles of Bishopstowe at Lichfield, Bishopgarth at Wakefield, Bishopcourt at Manchester, and the like, are steps in the right direction which deserve imitation.

York, it is true, once had its palace, rightly so called, built by Archbishop Roger (1154–1181), under the north walls of its huge minster, of the architectural magnificence of which the chapel (now the chapter library) and other fragments still bear witness. This, however, did not long survive the fierce tempest of the Reformation. The destruction was begun by Elizabeth's first archbishop, Thomas Young, who pulled down the "goodly hall" for the sake of the lead that covered it. This he sent by sea to London, where it fetched £1000, of which, however, he was cheated by the Earl of Arundel, gaining nothing by his act of greedy sacrilege.

Bishopthorpe, as an archiepiscopal residence, dates from the following century, the thirteenth. It was the gift to the see of one who may not unjustly be called the greatest prelate of the century, the faithful servant of his country and his sovereign, Walter Gray (1216–1255). Feeling the need of a place of quiet retirement not too far away from his city and minster, he purchased the manor and erected on it a house in the Lancet Gothic, which was then blossoming into beauty, and of which the restored chapel is an exquisite example. But though virtually given to the see, Bishopthorpe was not given absolutely. By a wise precaution, the necessity of which the scandalous practice of Henry II. and his sons of keeping a see vacant, sometimes for a long series of years, and sweeping its revenues into their own exchequer, had taught him, the manor was not conveyed to the holders of the see, but to the Dean and Chapter of the minster (to whom it still returns on each successive vacancy), on the stipulation that they re-conveyed it to the new archbishop

BISHOPTHORPE FROM THE RIVER

on the annual payment of twenty marks. This assignment was made in 1241. The earlier name of the place was St. Andrewthorpe. The Danish termination "thorpe" tells of the time when the Northmen, whose long-ships once brought rapine and devastation with them, had settled down as quiet inhabitants on the banks of the Ouse, and, becoming disciples of the faith which once they destroyed, had built a church in honour of the earliest-called apostle, from whose monastery on the Cælian Hill went forth the leaders of the Roman Mission, one of whom, Paulinus, bore the religion of Christ to Northumbria, and, having made a convert of its heathen king, Edwin, became its first bishop.

Walter Gray's manor-house, though subjected to many successive patchings, additions, and alterations, forms the nucleus of the present mansion. The river front preserves many of the lancet windows of the thirteenth century, especially in the basement. The chapel is the least altered portion, but its external outline has been ruined by a story of nurseries added by Archbishop Vernon Harcourt to

accommodate his numerous young family. Fragments of the same and other later styles lurk in unexpected corners to reward the industrious explorer.

Gray's manor-house would consist of little more than the great hall, now the dining-room, the chapel, the archbishop's "camera" or private sitting-room (the place of which is probably indicated by the three lancet-arched windows to the north of the hall), vast kitchens and offices, and a scanty supply of bedrooms for the archbishop and any guests of rank. The larger part of the household and retainers would take up their night-quarters in the great hall, some wrapt in their cloaks on plank beds laid on tressels, happy to secure the luxury of a pillow or the greater luxury of a mattress, the meaner sort on the rushes which strewed the floor, careless of the miscellaneous refuse of which it was the receptacle. The desire for privacy, especially in sleeping accommodation, now so universal, and, indeed, the first elements of domestic comfort as now understood, had yet to be discovered in the time when an open drain ran through a queen's bed-chamber at Westminster, and the wood-cellar at Clarendon was fitted up as a sleeping chamber for the knights attendant on Henry III.

These needs were beginning to make themselves felt in the fifteenth century, when the first great addition was made to the house by Archbishop Thomas Scot, of Rotherham (1480–1500). He was the Chancellor of Edward IV. and the munificent completer of Bishop Fleming's foundation of

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Lincoln College, Oxford, as a training school of learned men to oppose the Wickliffite heresy. He more than doubled the accommodation of the house by erecting a long wing on the north side "towards the warren," at right angles to the earlier building, and ranging with it on the river front. Rotherham's arms are carved over the doorway, and traces of his building are still to be seen among the later alterations, which have almost entirely deprived it of its original character. Its most picturesque external feature is a tall chimney-stack towards the north-east corner, broken by triangular buttresses. Wings were erected to Rotherham's building, and six feet of brickwork added to its height by Colonel Walter White, to whom Bishopthorpe was sold at the Great Rebellion "by our late blessed Reformers" (writes Drake) for £525 7*s.* 6*d.* White greatly improved it and made it his seat till the Restoration brought Church property back to its rightful owners.

Until Archbishop Drummond's time all the principal living-rooms, as well as the offices, were in Rotherham's building. Good Archbishop Sharp, one of the holiest and most devoted to duty of all the northern primates (1691–1714), had here "his dining and drawing-rooms, his study and his bed-chamber"; here also were the state apartments known as "the Princes'" and the "Princesses' rooms," in which royal and noble guests were received. A nephew of Archbishop Herring, writing from Bishopthorpe in 1742, during his uncle's short tenure of the northern primacy on his way to that of Canterbury, describes the house as "a most agreeable residence, though built at a time of day when men paid more regard

to convenience than to uniformity." "The apartments," he says, "are large and furnished in character, one having all the adventures of Samson curiously wrought in old tapestry."

But while the parliamentary occupant devoted care and money to making Rotherham's building a comfortable residence, he allowed the nobler portions of Gray's structure to fall into decay. At the Restoration, when the house returned to the see, Archbishop Frewen found the banqueting hall open to the sky and the chapel desecrated. The former, now the great dining-room, he rebuilt according to the taste of the time, replacing the high-pitched timber roof with a richly decorated plaster ceiling at a lower level, forming gabled bed-chambers above, facing the Ouse, and erecting a large brick oriel in the centre of the river front, unhappily modernised together with the other windows by Archbishop Gilbert in 1758. The initials A. F., with the date 1662, on the leaden spouts, mark the extent of Frewen's work. He also refitted the chapel, panelling the walls and introducing high pews and a pulpit, characteristic specimens of a stately but unecclesiastical style. The eighteenth century primates, Dawes and Gilbert, still further modernised the house, and increased its comfort as a residence.

But the chief alterations which have given Bishopthorpe its present form and aspect were made by the courtly and aristocratic Drummond (1761–1777), described by Horace Walpole "as a man of parts and of the world, and a dignified and accomplished prelate." The chief front of the house with the vestibule of entrance, and the great drawing-room and audience-room (now the archbishop's room of business) on either side of it, are his work, and while they do credit to his munificence say little for his architectural taste. The design was by "Mr. Peter Atkinson," of York. Both the *genius loci* and the rising taste of the time demanded a Gothic design. But the true spirit of the style was com-

pletely dead. The only idea Mr. Atkinson and the architects of the day had of producing a Gothic building was to give pointed heads and twisted frames to ordinary sash windows, and to bedizen the building with incongruous details culled from cathedrals, totally regardless of their meaning and application. The central pediment, of classic outline, is crested with a pierced battlement continued along the parapet and finished at each end with the Drummond kestrel in stone. The windows have ogee canopies. The porch is a florid composition overdone with pinnacles and crockets and carved panelling; and over it is an oriel equally pretentious and equally incongruous. With its flight of steps to the main entrance, decorously flanked by its three windows on either side, reproduced in long line above, and the domestic offices peering up from the basement, it is essentially a large house of Georgian type with Gothic details. Ascending the steps and passing under the crocketed canopies of the entrance porch, one finds oneself in a vestibule groined in plaster, described by a writer of the time (who also calls the exterior "an elegant Norman

front") as an example of the "the Gothic, or rather the Norman style." To your right is the audience-room, already referred to; to your left the great drawing-room. All pretence at Gothic is thrown off here, except in the details of the rich plaster ceiling, and it must be pronounced to be a very handsome, well-proportioned room, worthy of a primatial residence. Out of it opens what the present archbishop has made his study, but which was originally built for a billiard-room, and, we are told, "furnished with every requisite for the diversion."

Another conspicuous work of Archbishop Drummond's is the entrance gateway, built in 1765 with stone from the ruined palace at Cawood, near York, a place memorable for Wolsey's arrest, and as the starting-point of the melancholy journey taken by the broken-hearted man which was closed by his death at Leicester. The gateway, though from its size and height a striking object, "presenting," according to an authority of the day, "a very antique and interesting appearance," is a characteristic example of the pseudo-Gothic of Strawberry Hill, with a whimsical little pagoda a-top.

Having, in addition to all this, erected stables, coach-houses, bakehouse, wash-house, servants' hall and other offices, Drummond left but little for his successor, Markham, to do. He accordingly turned his attention to the kitchen garden, seven acres in extent. "His present Grace," says a writer in 1788, "has built a large icehouse, an exceedingly good convenient pinery, and a flued wall 181 feet in length." The beautiful pleasure grounds were also laid out by Archbishop Drummond, and enlarged by Markham's successor, Archbishop Harcourt, by the addition of the old "coney-garth," or warren, beyond the lime avenue, which by judicious planting has become one of the most attractive portions of the demesne.

Passing through the vestibule we enter the great dining-room, an apartment of magnificent dimensions, re-fashioned, as we have said, by Archbishop Frewen out of the ruins of the banqueting hall. This is the most interesting part of the house, both for its historical reminiscences and for the series of archiepiscopal portraits which hang on its walls. Built originally by Archbishop Gray in the thirteenth century, it is now essentially a room of the latter part of the seventeenth, not unworthy of Dibdin's epithet, "delicious." The panelled ceiling, delightfully unsymmetrical, richly ornamented with stucco foliage and pendant drops—lessened in size by Archbishop Harcourt for fear of their falling on the heads of those at table—is a good specimen of the sumptuous but heavy decoration of the Caroline age, which is also seen in the broad stucco cornice. The white marble mantelpiece, with tall Doric columns and triglyphs, rigidly classical, is an incongruous intrusion of Drummond's time which we could heartily wish away.

This apartment is the site of the chief historical event with which Bishopthorpe is connected, the tragical end of Archbishop Richard Scrope, June 8, 1405, "the critical year of

Henry IV.'s fortunes," writes Bishop Stubbs, and "the turning-point in his life." The details of the revolt must be sought elsewhere. It is enough to say that on the rising against Henry in the northern counties, organised by the Earl of Northumberland and Mowbray the Earl-Marshal, Scrope, "unfortunately for himself and for all around," though from the purest and most patriotic motives, was induced to join them. By his authority articles were published and affixed to the doors of churches in York and elsewhere, denouncing Henry as a usurper, a traitor, and perjurer; and, by conniving at Richard II.'s death to secure the crown, virtually a murderer. The royal and insurgent forces met on Shipton Moor, May 29th, where, a conference having been arranged by the treachery of the Earl of Westmoreland, the archbishop and the Earl-Marshal were arrested and hurried off to Pontefract Castle, whence they were brought to Bishopthorpe as prisoners. A council was held by Henry in the archbishop's "camera," at the north end of the hall, not for deliberation, but for carrying out the sanguinary resolve of the infuriated king. In vain did Archbishop Arundel, who, after hard riding through the night, had thrust himself, all travel-stained, into the royal bed-chamber, plead for his brother primate; in vain did Chief Justice Gascoigne refuse to take any part in the sacrilegious act. "Henry's better judgment overruled by the violence of his followers, his better nature overcome by his more savage instinct," nothing short of an instant execution would satisfy him. Gascoigne remaining firm in his refusal, he commanded Sir William Fulthorpe, though not a judge, as president of the extemporised tribunal, to pass sentence on the archbishop and his companions.

There was nothing in the shape of a trial. The court was held in the archbishop's own hall. He was made to stand bareheaded before his judge, and condemned to death

THE DINING-ROOM

as a traitor. His protestations of innocence, that he had no ill-design against the king, and that his sole object had been the redressing of grievances, were unheeded. The sentence was passed, and at noontide he was brought out, divested of his episcopal attire, "made to mount on the bare back of a collier's sorry mare, with a halter for bridle," and conducted to the place of execution, a field of barley between Bishopthorpe and York. When arrived at the spot he knelt down, asked God's pardon for all his sins of omission and commission, and, kissing his executioner three times, prayed that God would forgive him as freely as he did. His last request was that he would give him five blows of his sword in memory of the five wounds of our blessed Lord. He then knelt down with his arms folded across his breast and stretched out his neck, murmuring, "Into Thy hands, O most sweet Jesus, I commend my spirit!" At the fifth stroke his head was severed from his body.

Portents followed the death of so holy a prelate. The young green barley, trodden down by the crowd, sprang up again and yielded an unusually abundant crop. Cures were worked on the spot. The king was stricken that same night with leprosy, and bore the foul taint to his death. A chantry was built in Scrope's honour at the place of decapitation, which still bears the name of "Chapel Field." His body was interred beside St. Stephen's altar in the minster, where his tomb became the centre of popular devotion and many rich offerings. These gifts were applied to the rebuilding of the recently fallen central tower, so that, as has been truly said, "even in his death, Scrope contributed to the upraising of that glorious edifice which he had never neglected during his life."

Two centuries later Bishopthorpe received a royal guest in more peaceable guise. James I., when on his way to Scotland in April, 1617, in the hope of encouraging by his presence the newly consecrated bishops and enforcing conformity, was entertained here by Archbishop Toby Matthew. The king's magnificent progress in his state "carroch," attended by his whole train, through the streets of York, is fully recorded in the annals of the city and may be omitted here. At Bishopthorpe he was received by the archbishop and his wife, "a prudent and provident matron." Few women can have rejoiced in so many episcopal relatives as Mrs. Matthew. Herself the daughter of Bishop Barlow of St. David's and Chichester, each of her four sisters was married to a bishop, and she herself, having had an archbishop's son, Matthew Parker, for her first husband, took an archbishop for her second. James himself was not deficient in humour and loved a timely jest, while Toby Matthew himself was renowned for a "cheerful sharpness of wit," which, according to Sir John Harington, "sauced his words and behaviour"; and we can well believe that the banquet was

enlivened by many good stories and royal and archiepiscopal repartees.

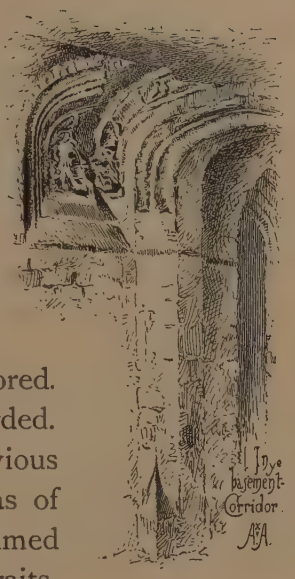
The gallery of portraits hanging on the walls of this noble apartment, most of them originals, curiously illustrates the successive variations of episcopal costume. The close round wig which the older among us can remember as an essential portion of a bishop's attire, appears first in the middle of the eighteenth century in Hogarth's excellent portrait of Herring's fine cut, intelligent face, *c.* 1745. We see it continued by his successors until it blossoms forth in its full dignity in Reynolds's magnificent likeness of the stately Markham (tutor to George IV.), in which the idea of motion is so vividly realised. Finally it disappears with his successor, Archbishop Vernon Harcourt. With the wig went much of the archiepiscopal state and a large portion of the archiepiscopal revenue. No archbishop since Harcourt, we imagine, has maintained a household of forty servants.

The archbishops of the last half-century, Musgrave, the Cambridge tailor's son, with his powerful but unrefined features; Longley, with a countenance of apostolic benevolence, a true index of his beautiful Christian character; the vigorous and clear-headed Thomson, whose influence over the manufacturing population of Sheffield and other great Yorkshire towns was almost unbounded; Magee, the brilliant orator, only shown to the northern province for a brief moment—long enough, however, for it to estimate the greatness of its loss—and the present archbishop, all appear in their own hair without any factitious adornment.

The interesting series begins with a small portrait of Wolsey. His four successors are unrepresented here. The present archbishop has added a portrait of Grindal, the "meek and lowly Algrind" of his friend Edmund Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar." The first of whom there is an original portrait is the sour-visaged Edwin Sandys (1577–

1589), of whom and his second wife, both "marvellously ill favoured," there is a small picture executed by his son. He wears a black skull-cap with flaps coming over his ears, and has a long grey beard; but there is no other mark of archiepiscopal dignity. Sandys' mean, morose face is in keeping with his character. The annals of the time describe him as an intolerant bigot who would have had both Papists and Puritans suppressed by Act of Parliament, and who, in panic fear at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, recommended Burghley, in a letter still extant, "forthwith to cutte of the Scottish Queene's head." In each of his three sees Sandys was involved in perpetual quarrels, and was cordially hated by all parties. As archbishop he deserted York and fixed his residence at Southwell, and, neglecting his vast diocese, devoted his energies to amassing a fortune for his children.

With Matthew Hutton (1595–1609), the square cap, which was to become the subject of such bitter strife, first appears, and the beard is worn long. The black cap is also worn by Sterne, the Restoration prelate who had attended Laud as his chaplain on the scaffold, and by the true-hearted Royalist John Dolben, who while still a layman had fought and been wounded at Marston Moor, and who with Fell and Allestree maintained the service and sacraments of the Church of England at Oxford in spite of penal Acts during the Great Rebellion. He was "much honoured" at York, says Thoresby, as a "preaching bishop," personally



visiting the churches of his diocese and addressing the people in a plain, vigorous style. The portrait of Accepted Frewen—his Christian name indicates his Puritan ancestry, a strain of which there was no trace in his career—though a poor picture, appropriately occupies the chief place of honour over the chimneypiece of the hall which he restored. His head is wigless, and his chin is bearded. Lord-Keeper Williams, the last previous occupant of the see, whose tenure was of the briefest, appears in the wide-brimmed black hat familiar to us in his many portraits. The full-flowing periwig, which Archbishop Tillotson was the first to adopt, decorates the head of Sir William Dawes (a typical example of a high-toned aristocratic prelate), in the noble portrait by Kneller, and survives in a compromise in that of "the haughty and ignorant" Gilbert, by Hudson. Of Kneller's brush there is a still finer example in a full-length of Lamplugh, the renegade bishop, who, having been rewarded by James II. a few weeks before his abdication with the archbishopric for his loyalty as "a genuine old Cavalier," in posting up from his then diocese of Exeter to apprise the king of the landing of the Prince of Orange, was one of the first to swear allegiance to the new sovereign. In his portrait Lamplugh still retains the black cap.

In this interesting series we may also trace the growth of the lawn sleeves from their rudimentary unimportance as the sleeves of the rochet, to which they are now happily returning, to the full-blown voluminousness of the days of Markham and Harcourt. The gallery includes portraits of Sir William Dawes' successor in the see, John Sharp, and his predecessor,

Lancelot Blackburne. Few contrasts can be greater. The sweet placidity of Sharp's countenance, radiant with the beauty of holiness, is a sign of the devout Christian spirit which ruled his life and has rendered his memory one of the most precious inheritances of the see. Blackburne's outward appearance is in keeping with the stories told of his free and too probably licentious life. If the charges brought by Walpole and others against "the jolly old archbishop" are too highly coloured to be altogether credible, if we may question the precise truth of the statements that he had been chaplain to a buccaneer vessel and had shared in the booty, that even as a prelate his life was immoral, and that Dick Turpin—"like master like man"—was at one time his butler at Bishopthorpe, it is too certain that his moral standard was deplorably low, his conduct and language unclerical, and that to the last his manners were rather those of a sailor than of a bishop. We must not, however, forget that Bishop Butler's name having been mentioned, Queen Caroline asked where he was, and whether he was dead. "No, madam," was Blackburne's reply, "he is not dead, but he is buried." The Queen speedily sent for him and soon made him one of her chaplains.

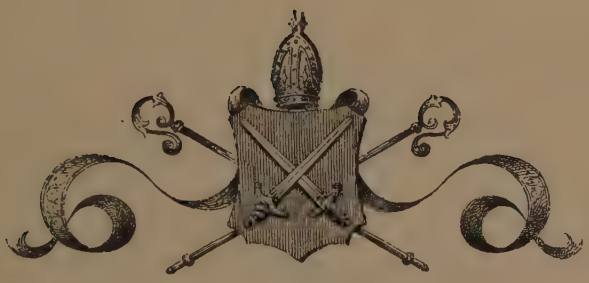
We pass from this historic apartment to the chapel, which adjoins it to the south. We have already spoken of this as the least altered portion of Walter Gray's work. Indeed, with the exception of the later panelled ceiling and the furniture, it is essentially much as its thirteenth-century builder left it. The south wall displays a range of shafted lancets, to which blank panels correspond on the north. An eastern triplet, such as almost certainly occupied the place originally, has been recently substituted for a wretched deformity of modern times. Both it and the side windows have been filled with stained glass of high excellence, the work of Mr. Kempe, replacing that by Peckitt, of the crudest colours and unmeaning geometrical patterns, put in by

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL

Archbishop Drummond. The loving care bestowed upon it by the present archbishop has converted this chapel, for a long time disfigured and defaced, into an oratory worthy of its high purpose, displaying in every detail the light of "the lamp of sacrifice."

We cannot take our leave of Bishopthorpe without conducting our readers to the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which constitute one of its chief charms. Stretching far along the banks of the Ouse, of whose wide curves fresh views are continually delighting the eye through vistas of foliage, the wide sweeps of well-kept turf, dotted over with clumps of rhododendrons and azaleas and diversified with well-chosen trees—tall Spanish chestnuts, horse-chestnuts with their boughs sweeping the ground, graceful silver birches, magnificent hollies, their prickly leaves gleaming in the sunshine, larches, claiming to be the oldest in the kingdom, grand in their grey old age, pines of every name and country

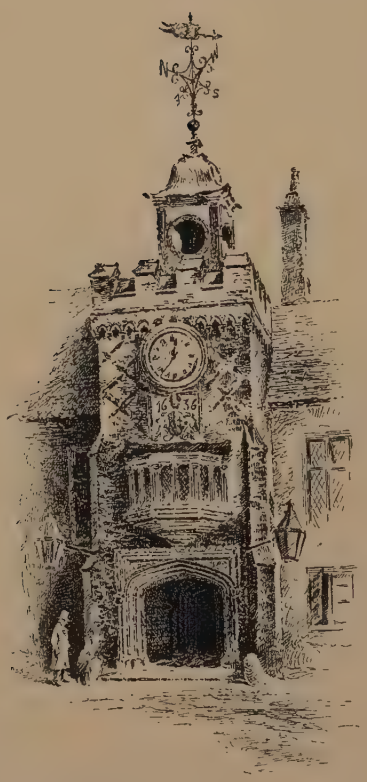
flourishing in the rich alluvial soil—combine to make a "pleasaunce" which has few rivals in the country. One of the most interesting features is a lime avenue, recalling that of Trinity College, Cambridge, planted by the holy Archbishop Sharp, and showing few symptoms of decay. But the low hedges of hornbeam and yew, which enclosed his out-of-door oratory and "Temple of Peace," have unhappily disappeared before the march of modern taste. So also has the adjoining maze, "entered by an arch through the lime hedge," where, his son tells us, the archbishop "spent many a happy half-hour of devotion unseen by all, with only the sky above, solemnly addressing and praising God." Though not endowed with shining abilities, or the master of profound theological learning, none of its occupants have done more to dignify the primatial see by a large-hearted charity combined with uncompromising firmness of principle, a simple-hearted piety, and a life of unobtrusive devotion, than John Sharp (1691—1714). One cannot but lament that the exigencies of landscape gardening should have robbed Bishopthorpe of these memorials of so holy a man.



Fulham Palace.

III

ALTHOUGH the Manor of Fulham and its Manor House have been in the continuous possession of the Bishops of London ever since Bishop Tyrhtel of Hereford gave the property to the sainted Bishop Erkenwald about the year 691, the house has not always borne the name of Fulham Palace. The palace of the Bishops of London closely adjoined St. Paul's Cathedral, on the north-west; part of its ancient site still retains the name of London House Yard. Its gardens reached to Paternoster Row on the north, and to Ave Maria Lane on the west, extending eastward as far as the great cloister of the cathedral, better known by the name of Pardon Church Haugh. Here for centuries the bishops held high state and dignity, receiving kings, and cardinals, and foreign potentates. From this palace the Lady Katherine of Arragon passed to the cathedral for her ill-fated marriage to Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VII. The bride was only eighteen, and the Prince a boy of fifteen, but the pageant was sumptuous and magnificent. Here, Henry VIII. was the guest of Bishop Fitzjames, and the Venetian ambassador, who was present at the banquet, declares that the massive gold chains worn by the nobles on that occasion might have served "for fetters for felons' ankles, and sufficed for their safe custody, so heavy were they and of such immense value."



THE GREAT ENTRANCE

The palace, too, had other associations besides those of regal entertainments and banquets. Like other episcopal residences — like Lambeth, Rochester, Wells, and many more — it has its prisons, sufficiently narrow and gruesome. The Bishop of London's coal house, and the salt house, are frequently mentioned in the pages of Fox's "Acts and Monuments." Here, and in the Lollards' Tower, full many a prisoner passed the weary hours, his feet fast in the stocks, sometimes emerging only to go to his sorrowful end at Smithfield. The Lollards' Tower, be it observed, was the south-west tower of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Though in the very heart of London, this palace had its gardens. If, like his brother of Ely, the Bishop of London did not grow fine strawberries under the shade of his cathedral, he certainly grew nuts: for in 1329 a fruiterer, gathering nuts in the court of the palace, fell from the tree and was killed. When Bishop Cox, of Ely, leased his London garden, he reserved to himself the right of walking therein and of gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly. Some think that in the name of Rose Street, hard by St. Paul's Churchyard, there still lingers some remembrance of the fragrant flowers in the Bishop of London's garden, and that Ivy Lane may preserve some recollection of old times.

But in those days Fulham Palace was rather called the Bishop's Manor House. By the middle of the sixteenth century, the Bishops of London had ceased to reside within the precincts of the cathedral. Later on they dwelt in London House, Aldersgate Street, from about 1662 to 1771, when London House, St. James's Square, became the town residence of the prelates. The present writer has told the story of these three town houses at some length in the "Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society."

From the heart of London to the quiet and retirement of Fulham must have been a delightful change. There is something in the sense of uninterrupted possession that is specially charming. Bishop Theodred, in his will in 960, has a clause relating to his property at Fulham. And the Manor House descended, from bishop to bishop, in a long series. There was, it is true, though nothing was said about it just now, a slight breach of continuity in the troublous days of the Interregnum; for in 1647 Fulham House was sold to Colonel Edmund Harvey together with the leasehold lands belonging to it, for the sum of £7618. But with this sole exception, the pro-

THE AVENUE OF ELMS

perty has been in the continuous possession of the Bishops of London in otherwise unbroken succession from 691 to this present year of grace. Interesting as the fact is, it loses none of its interest to-day, when continuity of occupation is by no means a characteristic of the age.

The palace can be approached either from the Fulham Road, in which case the visitor will pass along a noble avenue of stately elms about 372 yards long, or from the bridge, in which case he will arrive by the Bishop's Walk, a raised causeway between the moat, by which the gardens are surrounded, and the broad waters of the Thames. There is, indeed, another entrance to the grounds from the churchyard across a little drawbridge, but this is a private entrance. It is thought that the limes near the porter's lodge were planted by Bishop Compton, as in his time the fashion of planting avenues of limes was introduced into this country from Holland.

There is in the British Museum a copy of a rare little pamphlet, "A Brief Accompt of Three Favourite Country Residences," compiled by Bishop Porteus about 1808. The "Three Residences" are Hunton, Fulham, and Sundridge. It is said that only some twenty copies of it were printed. This particular exemplar, whole bound in morocco, with the cipher of George III. upon its sides, was "Presented by the Bishop of London to her late Majesty," that is, no doubt, to Queen Charlotte, consort of George III., who died in 1818. The bishop has written in his own hand, "N.B. It is my very earnest desire that this little volume may never be made public nor reprinted. B. London, August 15, 1808." The reason for the bishop's desire is not very far to seek, for the pamphlet is but a compilation, as such a work must necessarily be. There are, however, one or two pretty little personal touches in it, as when the bishop speaks of the public footpath called the Bishop's Walk. Some had com-

BISHOP'S WALK AND PUTNEY BRIDGE

plained that it made the palace grounds too public, but he only speaks of the pleasure which it gave him to see the people passing along it on bright Sundays on their way to the parish church. The palace is, he says, "a handsome, convenient, and delightful residence, especially in the early summer months." But the bishop sometimes longed for greater quiet and retirement than even Fulham could supply. The tranquil pleasures of a country life had a great attraction for him, and he bought himself a cottage at Sundridge, in Kent, where, as he says, "I might pass quietly two or three months of the autumn, enjoying, without much interruption, my friends and my books, and by

'Alternate study, exercise and ease'

recruit my spirits and my health after the fatigues of a very laborious diocese for nine successive months in every year." If London was a very laborious diocese in 1808, what is it now?

On the north-west of the palace is an arched gateway giving access to a fine quadrangle, built of brick. The exterior of the gateway, together with the old acacia tree near it, planted by Bishop Compton, is engraved in Bishop

Porteus' pamphlet: and the interior of the quadrangle with the other side of the gateway is in Faulkner's "Historical Account of Fulham." The quadrangle is of brick, and was built by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII. The little arch into the kitchen garden is also his work, and it is believed that no part of the present buildings is earlier than this date. Two rooms at the southern angle of the court retain their linen panelling and the bishop's arms. In the middle of the court is a fountain which, when the well was first sunk, played by the natural rising of the water. When deep wells were sunk in the neighbourhood, as, for example, for the brewery at Chiswick, the water ceased to rise. The well was subsequently deepened to about 32 feet: the water was extremely pure and very soft. Around the quadrangle are the various domestic offices.

ARCHWAY LEADING TO QUADRANGLE

Large as the palace is, it appears to have been at one time much more extensive; for Bishop Robinson, in 1715, obtained license to pull down many old and ruinous buildings, which he declared the revenues of the bishopric were unable to maintain. It is not altogether impossible that the bishop's retinue and his fine service of plate, of which something will be

said presently, may have made such demands upon his income as to have created part, at least, of this difficulty. Sir John Vanbrugh and Sir Christopher Wren were appointed to examine into the condition of the old buildings, and they reported that even if these were removed, between fifty and sixty rooms would still remain, which they deemed amply sufficient for the requirements of the bishop. And so the ancient buildings were destroyed. How ancient they were, and how interesting they may have been, cannot now with certainty be told. But the palace once extended over a great part of the present lawn, and it is said that in very dry seasons the old lines of wall could be distinctly traced by the brown and parched appearance of the grass immediately above the foundations. This was certainly the case forty years ago.

GATEWAY INTO KITCHEN GARDEN

Immediately opposite the arched gateway already mentioned, is the entrance into the palace proper, and on the left, as you enter, is the ancient hall, now restored to its proper use. Its dimensions are stated by Bishop Porteus to be 50 ft. by 27 ft. The hall was fitted up by Bishop Fletcher in 1595, and repaired by Bishop Sherlock. An inscription here informs the visitor that, "This hall, with

the adjoining quadrangle, was erected by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII., on the site of the buildings of the old palace, as ancient as the Conquest. It was used as the hall by Bishop Bonner and Bishop Ridley, during the struggles of the Reformation, and retained its original proportions till it was altered by Bishop Sherlock in the reign of George II. Bishop Howley, in the reign of George IV., changed it into a private unconsecrated chapel. It is now restored to its original purpose on the erection by Bishop Tait of a new chapel of more suitable dimensions, A.D. 1866." This new chapel was designed by Mr. Butterfield. The wainscot of the hall was brought to Fulham from the chapel of London House, Aldersgate Street, originally built by Bishop Henchman, and restored by Bishop Compton. Some say that the oak wainscot was erected in Aldersgate Street by Bishop Juxon. Godwin describes it as "sacellum nitidum," which is, it may be supposed, the original of Malcolm's phrase, "a neat chapel." The windows of the hall are filled with stained glass bearing the arms of many Bishops of London, and these also are said to have been removed from Aldersgate Street.

The main body of the palace forms a square, with a small central court. On the north-west is the great hall and the kitchen; on the south-west, the bishop's study, chaplain's room, and morning-room; on the south-east, or garden front, the morning-room, drawing-room, dining-room, and the end of the Porteus Library; on the north-east, the side of the Porteus Library and domestic offices.

The garden front in 1812, as seen in Faulkner's "Fulham," displays two projecting towers at the angles, a recessed front with, however, a large bow window in the centre; the whole battlemented. The bow window seems in Bishop Porteus' time to have given light to the then library; the Bishop records that he inserted many Gothic windows in

THE QUADRANGLE

different parts of the house. The present façade, remodelled and re-arranged for Bishop Howley by Mr. Cockerell, exhibits an almost unbroken front. What is now the Porteus Library was then the chapel, and it seems to have extended nearly the whole length of the north-east side: five pointed windows are seen in the elevation, but it is not quite easy to determine where the chapel begins or ends. Bishop Porteus says that the chapel was formed out of several small rooms by Bishop Terrick, and gives its measurements as 53 ft. by 16 ft., and 12 ft. for its height.

The Porteus Library, it may be mentioned, is so-called not because that prelate built it, but because he bequeathed to the bishops of the diocese his collection of books. "There wants nothing," he says, "but a good library to render it [Fulham] a complete episcopal mansion. I had once an intention of building one, and had a plan actually drawn for it, which will be found among my papers. But I feel myself

THE GARDEN FRONT

now too old for such an undertaking; I must, therefore, leave it to my successor, and perhaps shall bequeath to it my books to form part of its contents." And so the good man did.

But the main charm of Fulham lies in its fair and spacious gardens with their broad lawns, with deep rich emerald sward, restful to the weary feet tired of the paving-stones. "The house so spacious, yet so thoroughly comfortable and domestic, the garden half hidden on the margin of the Thames, with its spreading lawn of soft and level turf shadowed with choice shrubs and goodly trees, the avenue of ancient elms, the circling moat guarding the whole from intrusions, all these, within a few miles of the metropolis, give to the palace at Fulham a charm peculiarly its own: so close upon the restless world, yet itself

'A haunt of ancient peace.'"

So lovingly writes the late genial Bishop of Colchester in his memoir of his father, Bishop Blomfield.

A spacious meadow called the Warren, surrounded by a

magnificent belt of lofty elms, adds largely to the idea of space and dignity which the grounds possess.

For centuries the gardens have been the special care of successive bishops. The local histories speak of Bishop Grindal as a lover of botany, and as having been the first person to introduce the tamarisk tree into this country. He is said to have seen it in Switzerland when in exile there in Queen Mary's time, and to have planted some specimens of it in the Fulham gardens.

PRIVATE ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS

Archbishop Grindal, whilst Bishop of London, is the hero of a little incident which caused him no small inconvenience. Strype tells the story very well. "The grapes that grew in Fulham were now-a-days of that value, and a fruit the Queen stood so well affected to, and so early ripe, that the bishop used to send every year a present thereof to her. Eight days were past in September 1569, but these grapes were not yet in case (so backward it seems was this year) to be presented to her. Of which Grindal gave a hint in a postscript to the secretary: but withal, that the next week he hoped to send some to the Queen. And accordingly he did so, and sent them by one of his servants. But the report was that at this very time the plague was in his house, and that one had newly died of

that distemper there, and three more were sick: by which occasion both the Queen and Court were in danger." The bishop was able fully to vindicate himself. A servant had indeed been ill, "being troubled with a flyx, and thinking to bear it out, took cold, and so ended his days." Whereupon Strype moralises: "Tender and cautious ought those to be that have to do with the Court of Princes."

It is in the beautiful gardens at Fulham that Fox lays the scene of the scourging of Thomas Hinshaw, a young man of the age of nineteen or twenty, a 'prentice in St. Paul's Churchyard. He was apprehended in Islington with others who had gathered together for their exercise of prayer and reading. After lying three weeks at Newgate, on a certain Sunday in the afternoon, "the Bishop, going into Fulham, tooke him with him, where, immediately after his comming, he was set in the stockes, remaining there all the first night with bread and water." The next morning the bishop examined him, as did also Master Harpsfield; both the bishop and the archdeacon were in a mighty rage at some of the young man's replies. "Doest thou answer my archdeacon so, thou naughty boy? I shall handle thee well enough, be assured," Fox makes Bonner to exclaim. So the bishop "sent for a couple of rods, and caused him to kneele against a long bench in an arbor in his garden, where the said Thomas, without any inforcement of his part, offered himselfe to the beating, and did abide the fury of the said Bonner, so long as the fat-panched bishop could endure with breath, and till for wearinesse he was faine to cease. Hee had two willow rods, but hee wasted but one, and so left off." In the edition of Fox, printed in 1461, is a woodcut illustrating the scene. Above it are the words, "The right Picture and true counterfeit of Boner and his cruelty, in scourging of God's saints, in his Orchard at Fulham." It is a spirited woodcut. The bishop, who is decidedly plump, has taken off his robes, his cap lies

THE GATEWAY AND THE LODGE

on the ground behind him ; in each hand he holds a birch rod, one of which, that in his left hand, he is using with considerable vigour on the bare back of a prostrate figure, whose head is securely fixed between the legs of a standing man, who covers his face with his hands that he may not see the actual infliction. The bishop's labours have been very successful, and this is indicated by many drops of blood. On the dexter side are two attendants, one of whom bears another birch ; on the sinister side are two ecclesiastics. The artist has not forgotten the bishop's obesity. There are some minds which receive with avidity this kind of fable. They had better not read Maitland or Brewer if they wish to retain their credulity.

If Fox was a good hater, and he certainly was, he was also an ardent lover of those who were of the reformer religion.

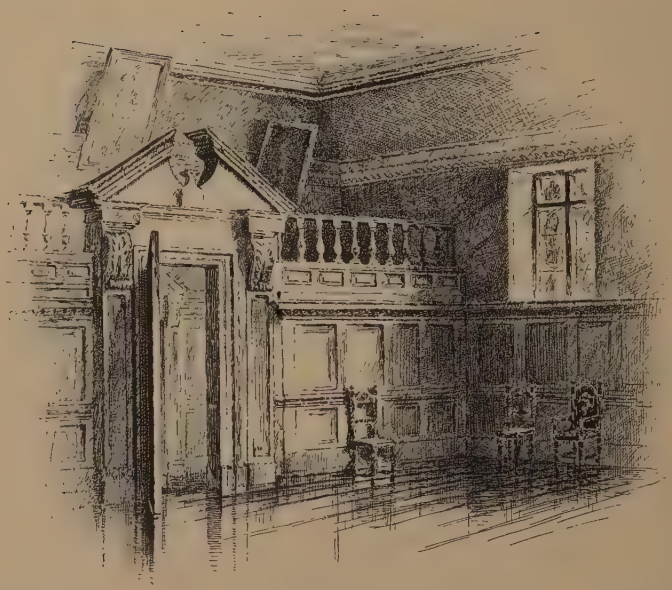
There is a delightful picture of Bishop Ridley's quiet life at Fulham, related by Fox, which carries with it an unmistakable air of truth. He tells of the bishop's gentle nature and kindly pity for old Mrs. Bonner, the mother of the bishop. Mrs. Bonner dwelt in a house hard by the bishop's residence, and when Ridley was at his manor-house, he would always send for her, together with Mrs. Mungey, Bonner's sister, to dinner and to supper, saying, "Go for my Mother Bonner." However illustrious his guests, she was never displaced from her seat. "By your lordship's favour," he would say, "this place of right and custom is for my Mother Bonner." Fox, not unnaturally, draws a contrast between Ridley's gentle treatment of the aged lady, and Bonner's conduct after he regained the see. Fox also gives a charming account of the manner in which Ridley would spend his time at Fulham, reading daily to his family a lecture at the common prayer, and even "hiring them with money to learn by heart certain principal chapters, but especially Acts xiii." The pious, studious life which Ridley loved amidst "the tranquillity of ancient trees" seems to befit the quiet gardens, and contrasts only too vividly with the cruel tortures through which he passed to his reward.

A little later, one Litchfield, a court musician, laid an information against Bishop Aylmer, that he had unduly cut down the stately elms at Fulham. The bishop, it appeared, had refused to give Litchfield twenty timber trees, and the enraged musician determined to be revenged. But the Queen herself was quoted in defence of the prelate. Elizabeth had lately lodged at the palace, "where she misliked nothing, but that her lodgings were kept from all good prospect by the thickness of the trees; as she told her vice-chamberlain, and he reported so to the bishop." But still the false rumour spread, and crystallised into a bad pun: men said that instead of being called Elmar, he ought to be called Mar-Elm, for

that he had marred all the elms of Fulham. The Dean of Ely, however, completely vindicated the bishop. Hearing at a great man's table railing discourse about the Fulham elms, he asked how long they had been felled; and being told some half a year ago: "They are marvellously grown in the time," said he, "for, I assure you, I was there within these four days, and they seem to be about two hundred years old."

It was the same brave old bishop who, when Elizabeth refused to have a tooth extracted which had excessively tormented her, forcing her to pass whole nights without rest, persuaded her that the pain of extraction was not so very severe after all. Old as he was, and few teeth as he had to spare, he sat down in the royal presence and bade the surgeon pull out one of his teeth forthwith. Whereby her Majesty was encouraged to submit to a similar operation. Strype is heartless enough to suggest that perhaps the bishop's tooth was decayed. But this is sheer superfluity of naughtiness.

From Aylmer to Compton is a long interval, filled with names of prelates familiar in the history of England. The greater lights: the martyred Laud, whose diary makes mention of his residence at Fulham; the pious Juxon, who stood beside his royal master on the scaffold and heard the mysterious charge "Remember," and who after the dreadful scene seems to have lived quietly at Fulham till the house and grounds were sold to Colonel Harvey; Sheldon, one of the royal chaplains, soon translated to the archiepiscopal throne, the final goal of so many of the Bishops of London. The lesser lights: Bancroft, "the chief overseer of the last translation of the Bible;" Vaughan, of whom Fuller says with more than his usual quaintness, "that he was a very corpulent man but spiritually minded;" Abbot, whose later years were clouded by the fact that he accidentally killed a keeper of



THE BANQUET HALL

Lord Zouch's whilst hunting in his lordship's park; King, whom James I. called "the King of Preachers," and who was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral under a stone inscribed with the word RESURGAM—the very stone, some like to believe, which was brought to Sir Christopher Wren to form the centre from which he might trace the plan of the present cathedral.

But of all these prelates, none is recorded to have bestowed such pains upon the palace gardens as Bishop Compton. He enriched them with an abundance of rare trees, brought mainly, it is said, from North America. Amongst them are enumerated the ash-leaved maple and the scarlet-flowered maple, the Virginian red cedar, the black walnut, the white oak and the evergreen oak, the triple thorn acacia, the cork tree, the cedar of Libanus, and many other beautiful varieties. Thirty-one of Bishop Compton's trees were still standing in 1751: in 1809 the largest cedar measured eight feet eight inches in girth.

It is worth notice that Bishop Compton had been a cornet of horse at the time of the Restoration. He took Holy Orders soon after that period; but "in 1688, when he was a bishop of fourteen years' standing, the excitement of the revolution, and the danger of his pupil the Princess Anne, so roused the soldier in him that he resumed his military dress, and with sword and pistols by his side, escorted his charge to Northampton. In a little time," Burnet adds, "a small army was formed about her, who chose to be commanded by the Bishop of London."

Mr. Abbey, in his interesting book, "The English Church and its Bishops," remarks upon the curious circumstance that the last English bishop who appeared in arms and took the command of troops should have been succeeded by the last bishop who in England has held a high diplomatic appointment. Dr. Robinson was of the Queen's Privy Council, Privy Seal, and first plenipotentiary at the Congress of Utrecht. The splendour of his retinue on occasion of his appearance at the Congress excited the wrath of the historian Oldmixon. The bishop, he says, had "one coach with eight horses, and five with six horses, four pages and twelve footmen in liveries; with an appointment of 9000 ounces of plate, half of which was gilt; and a black velvet gown, richly covered with gold loops, having a long train, to be borne up by two pages in ash-coloured coats, with silver orvaces and green velvet waistcoats. This pompous account," he continues, "is no more suitable to the pastor of a Christian Church, than it would be if he had been made Master of the Ceremonies. But neither this consideration, nor the care of two flocks of his as Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Bristol, could keep this prelate at home." If the reader finds a difficulty in the construction of the last sentence but one it is hoped that he will lay the blame on Oldmixon's shoulders. The "silver orvaces" are the laces or fringes with which the

pages' coats were ornamented. (The word is connected with *orphrey*.)

In a scarce little book, "Liste des Noms et Qualitez de leurs Excellences mes Seigneurs les Plénipotentiaires . . . qui se trouvent au Congrès de la Paix Générale à Utrecht," the first name given is that of "son Excellence Milord Jean par la permission de Dieu, Évêque de Bristol, Doyen de Windsor, et de Woolverhampton," &c. &c.; and his arms are figured on the first plate.

Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Howley not only added to the palace the front which faces the lawn, but also bestowed much care upon the gardens. Bishop Blomfield, as his son records, delighted in planting new and choice trees. "He seemed to know each tree and shrub, and to regard them with a kind of affection; and when guests were with him, it was his amusement to introduce them to the names and qualities of the rarer specimens." To him the palace is very largely indebted; he new-roofed the house, built additional rooms, rebuilt a wing of the old court, and almost entirely restored the whole building. "The palace grounds have about half a mile of river frontage, and the house, garden, and paddocks are surrounded by a moat a mile in circumference, probably a work of the Danes. To cleanse this immense moat, to remake the sluices, to replace the river embankments, to raise by several feet a water meadow of many acres, to renew all the fences, and to put the whole of a neglected estate into a condition of perfect order," cost Bishop Blomfield, during his incumbency, no less than £10,000. These extensive works were most necessary, for even in 1874 a serious flood occurred, in which the flooring of some of the rooms was upheaved by the force of the water. So Mr. Walford records. The moat is said to have been formed by the Danish army when encamped here in 879.

Mention must be made of a series of portraits of Bishops

of London which adorn the palace. Here, says the late Bishop of Colchester, are "Ridley, the martyr; Sandys and

A GLIMPSE OF THE MOAT

Grindal; the ambitious Laud; Juxon, the friend of Charles I.; Compton, who had adorned the palace gardens with those

rare and stately trees; the statesman Robinson, the learned Gibson, the divines Sherlock and Lowth; the mild and amiable Porteus, who loved Fulham so well, and thanked God the evening before his death that he had been suffered to return thither to die; Howley and Blomfield." These, and many others, form an important historical series. Tunstall's portrait is a copy from Holbein, by Taylor; Grindal and Laud are copies from Vandyke by old Stone; Bancroft and Abbot are attributed to Cornelius Jansen; Compton is a copy from the original by Kneller.

Fulham has had, of course, its royal visitants. Norden says that Henry III. often lay at Fulham Palace. Bishop Bancroft entertained Elizabeth, and James I., on his coronation, visited the same prelate. Bishop Montaigne received here Charles I. and his Queen.

Occasionally there were less welcome visitors, as in 1141, during the war between King Stephen and the Empress Maude, when Geoffrey de Mandeville, the King's general, came to Fulham and seized Robert de Sigillo, Bishop of London, then lodging in his own manor-place. The bishop was forced to purchase his liberty with a great ransom. So says Bishop Porteus.

Whether Fulham "as Master Camden taketh it, signifieth *volucrum domus*, the habitacle of birdes, or the place of fowles," is a question which may fairly be left to the philologist to determine. "*Fullon* and *Fuglas*, in the Saxon toong, doe signifie fowles, and *ham* or *hame*, as much as home in our toong; so that *Fullonham*, or *Fuglashame*, is as much as to saie, as the home or habitacle of fowles." So Norden, in his "Speculum Britanniæ." And certainly the rich clusters of ancient trees may well have attracted in the past, as they still attract in the present, the feathered songsters of the grove. It is, at any rate, a pleasanter derivation than Somner's, in his Saxon Dictionary, who has the audacity to suggest

"*Fulham*, quasi *Foulham*, from the dirtiness of the place." It is to be feared that he had never been invited to be a guest at Fulham Palace, and thus avenged himself.

THE CHAPEL

Lysons, in his "Environs," says that "a large wooden chair in which Bishop Bonner is said to have sat to pass sentence upon heretics, was placed in a shrubbery near the palace, which gave occasion to an elegant poem written by Miss Hannah More during a visit to the palace." The chair existed, Faulkner says, till 1810, when it became entirely decayed and was removed from the grounds. "A certain Bishop of London, one fine morning in the month of June, more than two hundred years after the death of the aforesaid Bonner, just as the clock of the Gothic chapel had struck six, undertook to cut with his own hand a narrow path through, since called the *The Monk's Walk;* just as he had begun to clear the way, suddenly up started from the chair the ghost of Bishop Bonner, who in a tone of just and bitter indignation uttered some verses commencing :

'Reformer, hold! ah! spare my shade;
Respect the hallow'd dead:
Vain prayers! I see the opening glade,
See utter darkness fled.'"

Faulkner considers the poem a *jeu d'esprit*. Those who desire more of it, will find the other seventeen verses in his pages.

A narrow retired walk at the end of the lawn in a grove partly planted by Bishop Porteus was called in his time the Nuns' Walk.

Although not picturesquely situated, Fulham has beauties of its own. Its thorough air of comfort, its deep lawns and overarching trees, its calm and quiet within so short a distance of the din of busy London, make it emphatically a house to live in; a house in which tired body and weary brain may find rest and refreshment.

Auckland Castle.

IV

AUCKLAND CASTLE, the residence of the Bishops of Durham, the only house out of many now remaining to the see, bears a title to which it has no just pretensions. From its first building Auckland has been a manor-house and nothing more, destitute of moat and keep, only defended by low walls and the natural strength of its position on a low peninsula between the Wear and the Gaunless. In the earlier records it appears sometimes as a "hall," sometimes as a "manor," or a "house," but never as a "castle," until the last years of the fifteenth century. The first time we find it called by its present title is in a letter from Bishop John Sherwood, "scribblyd in the moste haste," at his "Castel or Manor of Aucland," 27th January, 1489, to Sir John Paston of Norfolk. From this time the name Castle gradually crept into use and completely ousted the old name.

But if Auckland was never properly speaking a castle, the see of Durham was well provided with strongholds which were castles in the strictest sense, built for defensive and offensive warfare. Besides the grey towers of Durham,

> "begirt by winding Wear,
> Where tower and buttress rise in martial rank,
> And girdle in the massive donjon keep,"*

* Sir W. Scott's "Harold the Dauntless," Canto III.

and

> "Norham's castled steep
> By Tweed's fair river broad and deep,"*

standing as a stern bulwark against the oft-recurring invasions of the enemies on the other side of the stream, the bishop could boast of the castles of Middleham, Stockton and Craik, while manor-houses and halls of less note and name supplied homes for more peaceful times. No mediæval prelate probably was so magnificently housed as the bishop of Durham. And naturally so, for no bishop occupied so high and powerful a position as the episcopal "Prince-palatine" of the patrimony of St. Cuthbert. Traceable in germ before the Norman Conquest, growing up by prescription rather than by definite grant, the Palatinate jurisdiction first comes before us as an indisputable fact in the episcopate of William the Conqueror's Lotharingian bishop, Walcher. From his day onward the bishops of Durham acted as petty sovereigns within their bishopric. Their powers were little short of regal. The current maxim was, "Whatever rights the king had outside, the bishop has within."† Except in appeals to the king's courts the jurisdiction and authority of the bishop were complete. "It was not the peace of the king but the peace of the bishop which the wrong-doer was, in legal language, held to have broken."‡ Up to the first half of the present century the judges of assize only entered the bishopric by invitation of the bishop. The courts in which they sat were the bishop's courts, and the prisoners the bishop's prisoners. This semblance of an "imperium in imperio," which had been much curtailed by Henry VIII., vanished altogether, together with its proud title "Count-palatine," on the death of Bishop

* "Marmion," Canto I.
† "Quicquid Rex habet extra, Episcopus habet intra."
‡ Freeman, "Norm. Conq.," i. 321.

THE CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND

Van Mildert in 1836. All the Palatinate rights were thenceforward vested in the crown, and Auckland became the bishop's only residence.

Nor have we any cause to regret that it is so. When we take into account the antiquity and architectural dignity of the fabric—grievously marred as it has been by so-called improvers—the splendour of the chapel so munificently restored by Bishop Lightfoot, the historical reminiscences its walls recall, the great, learned, and good men—Pudsey and Bek, Bury and Hatfield, Fox and Tunstall, Morton and Cosin, Butler and Van Mildert, and him whom the Church has only lately lost, the far-sighted scholar, the practical organiser, the liberal benefactor of his diocese, and the humble saint, the second Joseph*—who have shed lustre on the see of Durham; when we regard the wide-spreading, well-wooded park, with its diversified scenery and rocky streams, we may accept Mr. Raines's words, that "it is well that among all the changes and chances of the Palatinate, Auckland has been the one residence to be spared."

The history of Auckland extends back to Roman times. Whether an outpost of the neighbouring station on the opposite hill of Vinovium, the modern Binchester, was planted here or no, certain it is that Roman sepulchral urns have been found on the rocky banks of the Gaunless not far below the castle. Auckland first appears as a possession of the see in the days of Aldhune, the first bishop of Durham, who, *c.* 1000, removed the wandering shrine of St. Cuthbert from Chester-le-Street to the cliff-begirt headland of "Dunholme," and began the erection of the predecessor of the vast pile which—

> "Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot"—

commands the admiration of all beholders. A few years later

* Joseph Butler died 1752; Joseph Lightfoot died 1889.

c, 1020, Auckland is found as a portion of the large grant made by King Cnut, the Dane, on his legendary barefooted six miles' pilgrimage to Durham.

When Auckland first became an episcopal residence is unrecorded. The earliest notice of it as such is in the record known as the "Boldon Book," compiled in 1183, by order of Bishop Hugh de Puiset, more familiar to English ears as Pudsey, a great-grandson of the Conqueror, "certainly not an ideal successor of St. Cuthbert," and chief justiciar of the realm. We have no specific record of any buildings erected by Pudsey at Auckland. But the architectural evidence afforded by the pillars in the western part of the banqueting-hall, converted by Cosin into the chapel, is sufficient proof that he at least began the erection of that part of the castle. The more refined style of the eastern bays and the mouldings of the arches point to the completion of the hall by one of Pudsey's successors, perhaps Richard Poore (1229–1241), who, in his former see of Salisbury, had removed the cathedral from Old Sarum, and begun that loveliest of mediæval churches in the new Early English style.

The earliest royal visit of which we have any notice is that of John, who came to Auckland, 18th April, 1209, on his way to Scotland with his army, then marching against William the Lion. The see was then vacant, and Auckland would be occupied by the king in his own right. Pudsey's successor, Philip of Poitou, had died the year before, under a sentence of excommunication, incurred for siding with his royal master against Innocent III., and nine years were allowed to elapse before the appointment of his successor, during which time the rich revenues of the bishopric were swept into the royal coffers.

The first name with which the buildings at Auckland are connected by the historians of the see is the "magnanimous Antony Bek," son of Walter, Lord of Eresby, in Lincolnshire,

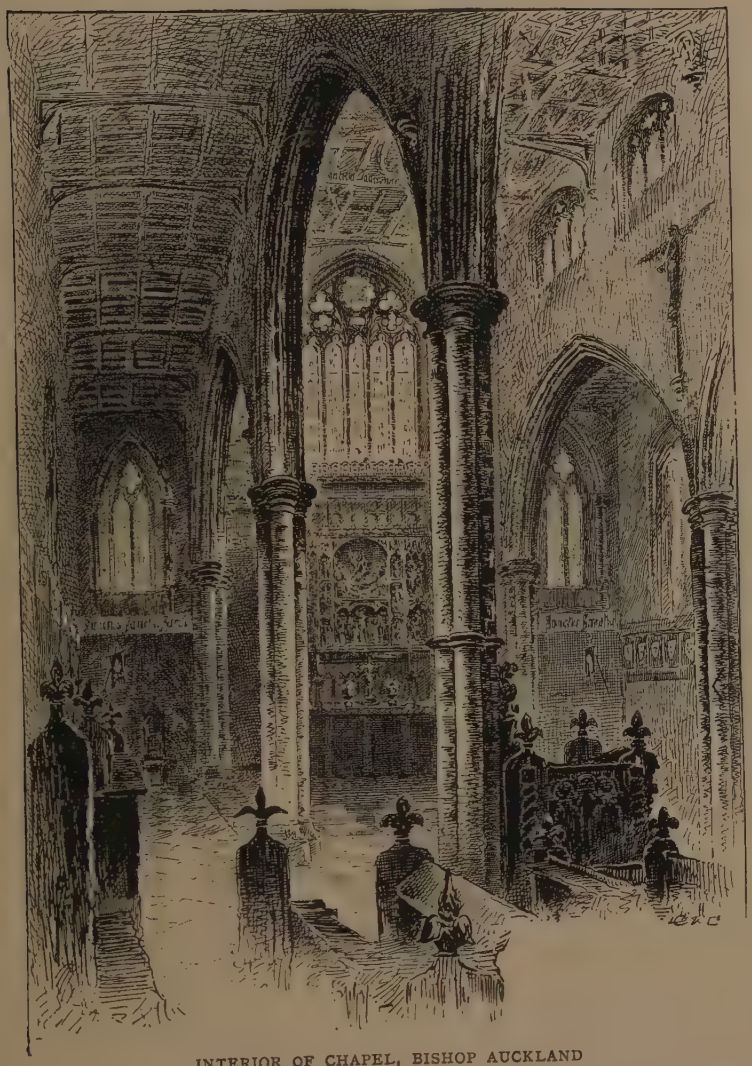
MARKET-PLACE, AND ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE GROUNDS, BISHOP AUCKLAND

famed in his day as "the most valiant bishop of the realm," certainly in all points one of the most characteristic figures of history. Made Bishop of Durham by Edward I. in 1283, he received from his unworthy son the shadowy sovereignty of the Isle of Man, and from Pope Clement VI. the equally shadowy dignity of the patriarchate of Jerusalem. Though temperate in appetite, careless of pleasures, chaste in life, munificent in liberality, and casting no moral stigma on the episcopal office, Bek was far more of the great temporal baron and soldier than of the spiritual pastor. A man of restless activity, he was often to be seen riding with a splendid retinue from manor to manor, and engaging in the chase, a keen lover of horses, hawks and hounds. He spent but few hours in sleep, rising as soon as he woke, and, like the great Duke, wondering how a man could turn in his bed or go to sleep again when once awakened.

His days were chiefly spent in court and camp. More

than once he accompanied Edward I. on his Scottish campaigns at the head of a large troop of foot and horse under the banner of St. Cuthbert. On the defeat of Balliol he was deputed to receive his submission, and by his personal valour he contributed much to the defeat of the Scotch at Falkirk. Bek, like most of the leading churchmen of his age, was a princely builder. He rebuilt the manor-house at Auckland, and though successive alterations have left few visible traces of his work, the main fabric of the building is still his. Godwin's statement that he "encastled" the house is a complete mistake, as it never had been planned for defence. Equally erroneous is Leland's assignment to Bek of the Great Hall, now the chapel, which, as we have said, belongs to the earlier times of Pudsey and Poore. But the Great Chamber, now the Throne Room, though grievously transformed by Wyatt's feeble plaster work, belongs to his building, of which there is a survival in the sturdy piers in the room below, now the kitchen, which uphold the floor of the apartment. Bek also erected a new chapel, or rather two chapels, the "High Chapel" and the "Low Chapel," as they were called, one above the other, as in the chapel at Lambeth, at St. Stephen's, Westminster, the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, and elsewhere.

The upper chapel communicated with the chief apartments, and was the more dignified. It is described by Sir William Brereton, who visited Bishop Morton in 1634, as "a most dainty, near, light, pleasant place," but with very bad acoustical qualities, probably due to its loftiness. "The voice," he writes, "is so drowned and swallowed by the echo as few words can be understood." It had therefore apparently by that time ceased to be used, except for week-day prayers; the lower chapel took its place on "Sabbath days," when, he tells us, "there was great resort thither by the neighbourhood; one sermon in the morning and prayers in the afternoon." Even a century earlier, Bishop Tunstall appears to



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL, BISHOP AUCKLAND

have let the stately upper chapel drop out of use, partially dismantling it in 1547–8, and removing the oaken stalls, set up by Bishop Ruthall only some thirty years before, to the new chapel built by him in the castle of Durham, now in daily use by the students at University College, where they form one of its chief ornaments.

Elizabeth's first bishop, the greedy and penurious Calvinist, Pilkington, like too many of his time, dead to the sin of sacrilege, "brast in peaces," the bells "and sould them all for his own use," while of the chapel itself he made a place of recreation. The lower chapel he turned into a bowling alley, and set up archery butts in the high chapel, in which, without any apparent sense of incongruity, he continued to hold service on festival days. His successor, Richard Barnes (1577 to 1589), who, writes Bishop Lightfoot, "has had scant justice done to him, for he was a vigorous administrator of his diocese," did something to repair the injuries inflicted by Pilkington. The stalls transferred by Cosin to the present chapel, and ordered by him to be "wrought over by the carver with his tools to appear like new work," were probably his gift. Both chapels, however, the high and the low, were destroyed by the Parliamentary general, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, for the erection of his new house, and that so completely, that the site of the building was long uncertain. Some leading archæologists believed that Hazelrigge's demolition was only partial, and that the present chapel was to be identified with the "low chapel" of Bishop Bek. Documentary and architectural evidence have proved this to be erroneous, and have satisfactorily shown that the now existing chapel was the original banqueting-hall, converted by Cosin to its present sacred purpose, and that Bek's chapel stood on the south side of the present front-court, parallel to the hall, with a postern in the south wall leading to the highway. The loss of the earlier chapel is greatly to be regretted. From its date, *c.* 1308, the time of the erection of the Lady Chapels of Lichfield and St. Albans, when the Decorated style was in its greatest purity, and from the existing examples of Bek's building works, we cannot doubt that it was a fabric of great beauty, worthy of the palatine see and of its mighty builder.

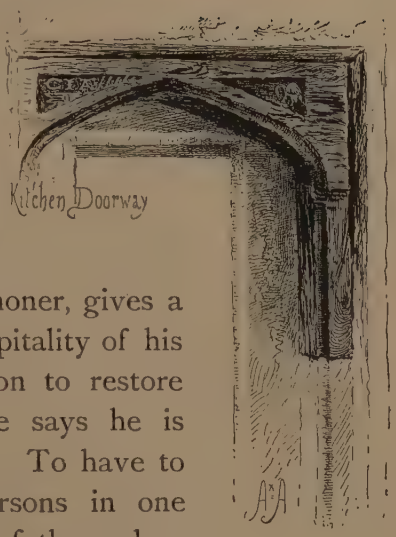
The history of the chapel has diverted our narrative from its chronological sequence. We take it up again with Bishop Richard of Bury, the tutor of young Edward of Windsor, afterwards Edward III. (1333–1345), the most learned man of his time in England, and the greatest Minister of the Crown in the most brilliant period of our history. An admirable bishop, faithful in the discharge of the duties of his office, beloved alike for his kindliness and liberality, he was chiefly celebrated as a friend of scholars and a promoter of learning. The greatest scholars of his age and country were his chosen companions. Archbishop Bradwardine and Bishop Fitzralph had been among his chaplains. When at meals some book was always read aloud, which he afterwards discussed with his associates. He is said to have possessed more books than all the other bishops put together. The floor of his room was so strewn with volumes that it was difficult to make one's way across it without stumbling over them. Whenever he visited a monastery, the library was his first object, and in his "Philobiblon" (the Book-lover), he describes the wretched state in which he too often found the manuscripts, gnawed by the mice, which made their nests among their pages, and drilled through by worms, and the joy with which he rescued them to add to his own stores. It was the age of bribes, and it soon became known that the surest way to secure the great man's favour was to make him presents of books. The zeal with which he pursued his literary tastes, as a bibliophile, rather than as a deeply read scholar, and his insatiable curiosity into out-of-the-way subjects, excited the admiration of Petrarch, whom he met at the papal court at Avignon. Petrarch plied him with questions on the geography of Thule. He replied that he could say nothing without his books, and would send him an answer on his return home; but though reminded of his promise the answer never came. In the words of Bishop Creighton,

Bury "was not so learned that he could afford to confess ignorance."

When on his way to his northern campaigns, we find Edward III. more than once the guest of his old tutor at Auckland. He occupied "the King's Chamber," the floors of which had been newly plastered (boarded floors being then hardly known), the gable mended, and the "garde robe" ("*necessarium*") repaired, for the king's accommodation. Edward was at Auckland for several days in October, 1333, and again in 1336, marching thence to aid his vassal in the final struggle which, it will be remembered, gave us Berwick, but ultimately secured the independence of the Scottish kingdom.

Fifty years later, in 1384, when Edward's wayward grandson was swaying an ill-balanced sceptre, his powerful uncle, John of Gaunt, on his way to the Borders as Royal Commissioner, visited Bishop Fordham at Durham and at Auckland, and was escorted on his departure by the bishop himself, the archers of the Palatinate accompanying him as far as Gateshead, the limit of the jurisdiction.

We pass on two centuries and a quarter to Bishop Thomas Ruthall (1509–1523). By this time a greater love of privacy and domestic comfort had arisen, and separate dining parlours began to take the place of the common hall. To Ruthall is due the southern wing of the house, completed by Tunstall, containing the old dining-room, now the servants' hall, above which Tunstall erected the present dining-room, carrying up and completing the projecting oriel window richly decked



with the armorial bearings of both prelates, which is the most picturesque and least altered feature of the chief front. A letter of Ruthall's, written in 1513, just before Flodden, to Wolsey, his successor in the bishopric, then almoner, gives a lively picture of the profuse hospitality of his time. He had been called upon to restore his Border castles, but this he says he is "too much straitened" to do. To have to "entertain three hundred persons in one day is but a small matter, and of those days have I many, besides sixty or eighty beggars at the gate." "This is the way," he adds, "to keep a man poor." He was able, notwithstanding, to give £800 to the Earl of Surrey on his way to the Border.

Wolsey's successor, the learned and benevolent Tunstall (1530–1561), deservedly takes a very high rank among the prelates of his age for integrity, moderation and true churchmanship. But he lacked the energy and decision needed for a leader in those days of tangled change. Living in the reign of every one of the Tudors, he witnessed the beginning, the progress, and almost the end of the Reformation, but did little to direct its course. As we have already mentioned, the present dining-room at Auckland with its noble bow-window, sorely mutilated by Wyatt, is his work. He also built a "porticus" or gallery, as he did at Durham Castle, in front of the great chamber, to cover the entrance and to connect the various parts of the house. This was pulled down by Cosin, having probably fallen into ruin. To him also we may assign the erection of the long narrow western wing known as "Scotland." The origin of the name is obscure,

nor is it certain when it first began to be used. The popular notion that it arose from Scottish hostages and prisoners having been confined there lacks all evidence. Its purpose was undoubtedly to form the gallery for indoor exercise, then considered an essential adjunct to every considerable mansion. Bishop Goodriche's gallery at Ely is an example of rather earlier date. Sir W. Brereton, in 1634, describes it as "a fair matted gallery with seats along the south side, hung with portraits of the chief Reformers, Huss, Luther, Zwingle, Cranmer, and others." The worthy knight somewhat caustically adds, "none but of this strain," Bishop Morton, his host, being a staunch Protestant. The original use of the gallery having died out, it was converted into bedchambers by Bishop Trevor.

WINDOW OF SERVANTS' HALL.

Brereton's visit brings us to the most critical epoch in the history of Auckland, the Great Rebellion. Few names shed greater lustre on the Palatine see than that of Thomas Morton, one of the most exemplary and blameless of prelates, the friend of all good and learned men, as distinguished for his humility and benevolence as for his wide and accurate erudition. Becoming bishop of Durham in 1632, he had the costly honour in 1633 of entertaining Charles I. accompanied by Laud, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, on his way to Edinburgh. On two other occasions Charles visited Auckland; the first was in 1604, when as a little boy of four, having

THE OLD WING

been left in Scotland on his father's accession to the English throne, as a weakly child hardly likely to live, he made his first entrance into his future kingdom, and was received by Bishop Toby Matthew at the castle. The second time was in 1647 as a prisoner, after his sale to the army by the Scotch, when, a king only in name, he had to find shelter in a mean inn, surrounded by a rabble of insulting soldiery. Morton, in spite of the universal respect his character inspired, was driven from house and office to seek shelter in the homes of charitable friends, in one of which, that of Sir Christopher Yelverton, a former parliamentary leader, at Easton Mauduit, near Northampton, he ended his days, September, 1669, at the age of ninety-five, only a few months before the Restoration.

Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, the purchaser of the castle,

> "Of the bishops' Uriah-like fall the contriver
> To get the fair Bathsheba of the revenues,"

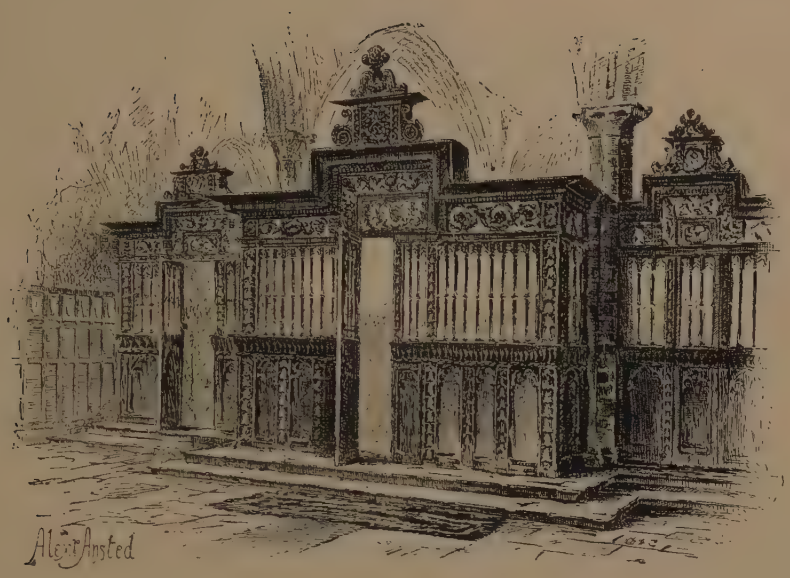
according to Dugdale, "not liking the old-fashioned building of the castle, resolved on a new structure, of a most noble and beautiful fabric, all of one pile, according to the elegant mode of building of those times." He took as his model the mansion of Thorpe, near Peterborough, lately erected by Oliver St. John. To obtain materials for his building Hazelrigge pulled down Bek's beautiful fourteenth-century chapel.

But the new house was never occupied by him. Before it was far advanced came the Restoration. His life was saved with difficulty through Monk's all-powerful intervention, and he ended his days a prisoner in the Tower of London, the object of the bitterest hatred both of Royalists and Presbyterians.

The first bishop of Durham after the Restoration was the celebrated John Cosin, "the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." He had previously stood as "the rallying-point of the exiled remnant of the Anglican communion," which, during the critical banishment in Paris, was in danger of being absorbed into the Romish communion —"the Atlas," as Fuller calls him, "of the Protestant religion"; and in the great drama of the Restoration he stands out as the principal figure among churchmen whose impress is stamped indelibly on the Church's richest treasure, her Book of Common Prayer."*

The language in which Cosin describes the condition of Auckland, though exaggerated, was not without warrant. If not "pulled down and ruined," and "almost utterly destroyed by Hazelrigge's ravenous sacrilege," it was certainly in a very dilapidated condition, and through the destruction of the chapel was destitute of that most essential feature. But all the main portions of the present castle, with the exception of Bishop Trevor's south wing, belong to the time prior to the Commonwealth, and can have only needed repair. The story, so often repeated that it has almost assumed historic substance, that Cosin on discovering that Hazelrigge's new house, though "commodiously contrived and most nobly built," had been sacrilegiously erected out of the materials of the chapel, resolved never to occupy it, and took it wholly down and used the stone for the erection of a new chapel,

* Bishop Lightfoot, "Northern Leaders," p. 151.



THE CHAPEL SCREEN

though deriving some colour from Cosin's own words, is not in accordance with the facts. As Bishop Lightfoot says, "Cosin was little disposed to let his light be hidden under a bushel, and a spirit of vaunting led him to exaggerate the destructiveness of Hazelrigge and his own constructive agency." Cosin's refusal to use the new house was an afterthought. His first idea, as the existing contracts show, had been to utilise the building for his residence. This idea was given up, and he resolved to repair the old castle and to convert the banqueting-hall into a chapel, using for this the materials of Hazelrigge's half-finished mansion, and, though the present chapel is substantially Cosin's work, the claim he makes in his will, and elsewhere, to have built it from the ground cannot be accepted. All he did—and it was in truth a great deal to do—was to adapt the shell of the old hall and preserving all but the south wall, which he rebuilt in a whimsical, rusticated fashion, to throw up a clerestory and

WEST END OF CHAPEL

new panelled ceiling and fit it with rich Renaissance woodwork. Auckland Chapel stands a magnificent monument of Cosin's personal munificence, religious feeling, and architectual skill, for the whole design was directed by himself, even though his claim to have been its first builder must be pronounced exaggerated. The chapel was consecrated by him on St. Peter's Day, 1665, and beneath its floor he was interred, 29th September, 1672, under a stone bearing an inscription from his own pen.

Besides the chapel, the whole castle was fully restored by him. The original hall having, as we have seen, become the chapel, the "great chamber" was converted into a dining-hall, receiving a new oak roof formed of massive beams, which, if they still survive, which is possible, have been rendered invisible by Wyatt's tasteless plaster ceiling. Three mullioned windows were transferred from Hazelrigge's building to Cosin's own library, now the housekeeper's room, where they still stand to disprove the tale of Cosin's holy resolve not to touch "the accursed thing."

The castle remained much as Cosin left it till the time of Bishop Trevor (1752–1771). His great predecessor, "the greatest of the bishops of Durham," as he has been styled by

Bishop Lightfoot—Joseph Butler—"raised high above the level of his age by the sense of the Divine Presence confronting him always," made Auckland his home during his sadly too brief episcopate. Writing to the Duchess of Somerset, he says: "I find the place a very agreeable one, and fully answering my expectations; but the chief prospect of the River Wear and the hills beyond is too bare of wood." Considering the stock of deer, which did not long survive the abolition of the palatine dignity, "not sufficient for this hospitable country," he proposed to "fill the park anew and take in forty or fifty acres more." This plan was frustrated by his death. Bishop Trevor added greatly to the comfort and convenience of the house as a residence by the erection of the south wing containing the domestic apartments. His addition was completed by Bishop Egerton (1771–1775), the father of the Earl of Bridgwater, who, it is said, was kept in good temper by his chaplains' always allowing his lordship to win at bowls. In this bishop's time Auckland was visited by Pennant, who describes it as "more like a foreign abbey than a castle."

THRONE AND CANOPY IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

Trevor was succeeded by Bishop Thurlow, whose chief claim to advancement seems to have been that he was brother to the Lord Chancellor; and Thurlow was succeeded by Sir W. Scott's "honoured

Barrington," whom he couples with Matthew and Morton as prelates—

> "Whose virtues might atone
> Their predecessors' frailties trebly told."

With the purest intentions Barrington did a great deal of mischief. He called in the fashionable architect of the day, "Wyatt the destructive," from whom the great drawing-room received its feeble plaster vault and its windows and skeleton mullions, while the whole building was "Gothicised" at great cost and to the complete destruction of its ancient character. The canopied throne at the upper end of the drawing-room, appropriate to the dignity and state of a prince-palatine, is hardly in keeping with the more modest rank of the holders of the see at the close of the nineteenth century. Out of the great drawing-room opens Tunstall's dining-room, a noble apartment but, like the rest of the interior of the house, so much modernised as to possess no architectural interest. In these two rooms are hung a fine collection of oil paintings, including pictures of the Twelve Patriarchs by the Spanish painter, Francesco Zurbaran, an imitator of the bold forcible style of Caravaggio (that of Benjamin is a modern copy), purchased by Bishop Trevor and presented to the see, and portraits of all the bishops of Durham from Wolsey downwards, with the single exception of Bishop Barnes. Most of these are copies, but those of Cosin, Barrington, and Van Mildert (the two last named works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, one early, the other late), of Longley by the elder Richmond, and of the most recent occupant of the see, Lightfoot, by the

younger Richmond, are originals and of considerable merit. That of Longley's predecessor, Bishop Maltby, who resigned in 1857 on account of his age and blindness, is also an original. It is the work of Sir William Beechy, who had painted a portrait of Maltby as a boy, and who now at the age of eighty executed every stroke of the new portrait with his own hand. Among the episcopal heirlooms is a purple velvet fald-stool which was used at the coronation of the Queen, and which was left as an heir-loom by Bishop Maltby, who was one of the royal supporters and held the book for Her Majesty's responses.

Almost the only room which retains anything of an antique appearance is the oak-panelled apartment, now the housekeeper's room, which was probably the room "which my lord (Cosin) doth mean to make his library," to which Hazelrigge's windows were moved. One of the window panels bears the arms of Queen Elizabeth, and the upper frieze of the walls exhibits an extraordinary display of the shields of the sovereigns of Europe, Asia, and Africa, including the Pope of Rome, and among other more familiar names, the "Emperor of Cathay and Tartarie," "Sauphia, Emperor of Parsia," and the "Emperor of Billedelgeria and Barbaria."

The chapel is by far the most interesting portion of the building. In its roof and clerestory it is a remarkable specimen of the Gothic revival which set in with the Restoration, of which we see examples at Oxford, in the staircase of the hall at Christ Church and elsewhere. It exhibits also the sumptuous Renaissance woodwork Cosin so much delighted in, which we still see at Brancepeth Church and Durham

Castle, and in which before late destructive restorations Durham Cathedral was so rich. The late Bishop Lightfoot did much to redress the injuries of Van Mildert and other well-meaning but ill-advised predecessors. The ancient wall shafts which had supported the roof of the hall before Cosin added the clerestory which deprived them of their meaning, have been finished with angels with expanded wings. He erected a new reredos, with painted and carved panels, and raised and furnished the altar. At Bishop Lightfoot's cost also the windows were filled with stained glass commemorating the chief events of the history of the Northumbrian Church, from the preaching of Paulinus to the building of Durham Cathedral, and beneath the windows was placed a continuous range of shields bearing the arms of the bishops from Pudsey downwards. Thus, to adopt the bishop's own words, when at the reopening of the restored chapel, August 1st, 1888, five metropolitan prelates and fifty-two other bishops who had gathered for the Lambeth Conference, took part in the stately ceremony, "from the windows and walls of the chapel more than twelve centuries of history speak to us. The continuity of our Church in the past is unfolded to us. The stone cries out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answers it. The dumb things are vocal of the ages gone by—vocal with lessons of faith, hope, and patience."

The park, where once roamed herds of wild oxen, white of hue and fierce of disposition, and large herds of deer, is a wide and picturesque domain, with gentle swells and verdant slopes, clothed with fine timber. Within sight of the castle the Gaunless brook runs in its deep ravine, under bold cliffs clothed with tangled brushwood. Hours may be pleasantly spent in roaming over the diversified sweep of green-sward with its wide and ever-changing views.

Farnham Castle

V

OF all the English bishops' houses, there is not one, with the exception of Lincoln Palace "on its sovereign hill," which occupies so lordly a position as that of the Bishops of Winchester—Farnham Castle. Seated on the crest of the hill which, rising with almost precipitous steepness, forms the northern boundary of the valley of the Wey, it looks out with calm dignity over both the counties which owe spiritual allegiance to the see of St. Swithun, on the confines of which it stands. From its cedar-shadowed terrace the eye sweeps over a wide stretch of varied landscape—the wild heath, rough common, park, pasture, and woodland which characterise what Dr. Arnold calls "the surging hills of Surrey," to where the bare irregular ridges of Hindhead break the horizon. Immediately below is the busy little town of Farnham, with its wide streets, well-built houses, and general air of prosperity. In the near distance to the left, under the abrupt height of Crooksbury, with its crest of dark pines, lies Moor Park, rich in memories of William III.'s trusted counsellor, Sir William Temple—the framer of "the Triple Alliance"—of his uncouth young Irish Secretary, Jonathan Swift, and his sister's waiting-maid, Esther Johnson, the ill-fated "Stella." A little further the eye falls on the wooded domain of Waverley Abbey, the

mother-house of the Cistercians of Southern England, whose wide fish-stews, still known as "the Abbot's Ponds," gleam like miniature lakes among the Frensham heather. To the right, towards Alton, stretches the valley of the Wey, clothed in bowery hop-gardens, celebrated by Arthur Young in the last century as "the finest ten miles in England."

To the east of the castle is the park, "one of the traditional glories of Farnham"—the only episcopal deer park remaining in England, in which there is historical evidence that deer have been kept for six hundred years—three miles in circumference and spreading over more than 300 acres, freely open to all. Two magnificent avenues intersect it, and there are exquisite glades with peeps of distant scenery, and single oaks and chestnuts of great size and beauty.

Though hardly to be called architecturally beautiful, Farnham Castle is a place of great and inspiring memories. Its connection with the bishopric of Winchester dates from Anglo-Saxon times. It is stated to have been granted to the see by Ethelbard of Wessex, Alfred's elder brother, during his brief reign (857–860). Swithun was then bishop—a man of "simple piety, unaffected and true;" our national indebtedness to whom as the moulder of the youth of the greatest of English kings in all true wisdom, heavenly and earthly, has been too much obscured by the foolish legends which have clustered round his name. In the huge keep-mound we may recognise one of the moated "burhs," by the erection of which Wessex resisted the incursions of the piratical Danes, and, under Alfred's wise and vigorous rule, enjoyed a time of peace and prosperity. Passing over two centuries, Farnham appears in the Domesday Book as the immemorial possession of the church dedicated to the chief of the Apostles at Winchester. "The Bishop of Winchester holds Farnham, St. Peter always held it." Later records tell us that the

FARNHAM CASTLE A CENTURY AGO

bishop held it of the king as part of his barony, by the service of five knight's fees; *i.e.*, the obligation to furnish so many armed leaders with their duly equipped followers, "at the king's command according to the occasion."

We do not hear of Farnham again until the beginning of the terrible strife between Stephen and his cousin the Empress Maud, which plunged the unhappy land for so many years into the direst misery. Six years before Stephen's seizure of the crown, his younger brother, Henry de Blois (1129–1171), a young man of twenty-eight, already abbot of the mighty monastery of Glastonbury, "with a spirit stirred to bold and new designs," had been made Bishop of Winchester by his uncle, Henry I., and speedily became the most important person in the realm, and at one time the arbiter of its fortunes. With him the architectural history of Farnham begins. It was the great epoch of castle building. "There was no one of any account in the realm," writes the Winton

annalist, "who did not either build or fortify his stronghold.' The bishops, more of great feudal lords than spiritual pastors were not behind their lay brethren in castle building. Henry de Blois led the way by strengthening his Winchester castle of Wolvesey—the Wolf's Island—and converting it into a formidable fortress. Farnham and his other castles followed.

Of his work at Farnham, the only portion remaining is the domestic chapel, now converted into the servants' hall. If, as he doubtless did, he built or strengthened the keep as the central stronghold of the fortress, his works were demolished, or at least rendered untenable by Henry II. in 1155, when, on his stealing away to France without license from the king, the vigorous young monarch, fearing some secret treachery, ordered the whole of the bishop's castles to be razed. It is pleasant to know that the two became friends again, and that when in 1171, "he passed to the Lord, whom he loved with all his heart," Henry paid the dying bishop a farewell visit, and submitted to be severely chidden by him, "*durissime et dirissime*," for his share in Becket's murder.

Five-and-forty years later, Farnham, which must in the meantime have recovered its character as a defensible castle, appears again in the annals of civil strife. John, having rendered himself intolerable to his subjects, the barons had taken the false step of inviting the French king's son, Lewis, to be their Sovereign. Landing in Thanet towards the end of May, 1216, Lewis at once made himself master of Rochester Castle, and having received the homage of the barons in London, marched southwards. Castle after castle fell into his hands. Reigate submitted on Wednesday, Guildford the next day, and Farnham on Friday. The next week saw Lewis master of the episcopal castle at Wolvesey and of the royal Castle of Winchester. It almost seemed as if the national line of kings was to cease, and England to become an appanage of the crown of France. Then, at the supreme crisis, John died,

and, as the chronicler said, "hell was made fouler by the entrance of his soul." The patriotic feeling was aroused. John's young son, the boy Henry of Winchester, was innocent of his father's crimes. He and no one of an alien stock should be the king of England.

The battle of Lincoln, 20th May 1217, sealed the fate of Lewis. He recrossed the Channel a disappointed man, and the castles—Farnham among them—which had been taken and retaken by the contending parties during the miserable period of anarchy, ultimately returned shattered and half demolished to their lords. The Poitevin, Peter des Roches (De Rupibus), was then bishop (1205–1238), and as guardian of the boy-king, the moulder of his weak plastic mind, speedily became the most powerful man in the realm. The re-edification of his castle would early claim his attention. More a soldier than an ecclesiastic, knighted for his prowess on the field in France by Cœur de Lion, and afterwards a crusader, he knew the value of a castle that would stand a siege, or repel its assailants. The ragged walls of the keep exhibit no architectural features for determining their date. But the arched doorways and other portions of the approach are probably Des Roches' work. To the same period belong the aisle added to De Blois' chapel on the north side, and the kitchen, which for more than six centuries has supplied the culinary wants of the bishops and their retainers.

Des Roches' episcopate added little lustre to the see. By his evil counsels in John's reign he had so widened the breach between the king and the barons as to render the Great Charter a necessity. A foreigner and surrounded by a band of greedy Poitevins, "the representatives of all that was most opposed to the national life of England," his evil influence over the young Henry was the parent of a large part of the miseries of the reign. Roger Bacon, then royal chaplain, did not shrink from telling Henry, wittily playing on their names, that Peter

THE APPROACH TO THE CASTLE

De Rupibus, and his son Peter the treasurer, were the rocks and shoals — "*petræ ac rupes*" — on which the vessel of the State was in danger of foundering. It was no small relief to England when, in 1234, Des Roches, obeying the summons of the Pope, went to head the Papal forces against the Imperialists who had driven him from the sacred city. Two years later he returned, an old, broken man, no longer powerful for evil. He spent the two remaining years of his life in retirement, making his peace with God, and died at Farnham, June 9, 1238.

Fourteen years later (1252) Farnham was disgraced by a shameful outrage on the aged official of the Archbishop of Canterbury, one Eustace of Lynn, by the armed knights of the bishop-elect, Aymer de Lusignan, the half-brother of Henry III., who, though only twenty-three years of age ignorant, pleasure-loving, and in every way unfit for the sacred office, had been forced by the king on the reluctant monks as

their bishop. He gave away the wardenship of St. Thomas Hospital in Southwark without the necessary license from the archbishop. The official declared the appointment void, and on the new warden resisting the mandate, proceeded to eject him by force, and had him conveyed to Maidstone, there to await the primate's judgment. With all the insolence of high-born youth which had never been thwarted, Aymer despatched a body of armed men to capture the official and release his prisoner. Not finding Eustace at Maidstone, the convoy repaired to Lambeth, and breaking into the archbishop's manor-house, seized the unhappy official, and carried him with every mark of contumely to Farnham. But the young bishop-elect—he was not consecrated for eight years afterwards—alarmed at the consequences of his lawless act, dared not detain him. The poor old man was driven from the castle gates with the shouts and hootings of the bishop's knights, and fled on foot to Waverley, not daring to look back, and found shelter with the hospitable Cistercians.

THE LODGE GATE

And now for a long period the records are almost silent about Farnham. In 1316

Bishop Woodlock, who had crowned Edward II. and Isabella at Westminster, died at the castle, and there, too, in 1345, died Bishup Adam Orlton, one of the most unscrupulous of Isabella's supporters in her conspiracy for the dethronement of her husband, and more than suspected of complicity in his savage murder.

It would have been pleasant to be able to connect Farnham Castle with the names of some of the great statesmen-bishops—Edyngdon, Wykeham, Beaufort, Waynflete—who dignified the see of Winchester during the fourteenth century. But none of these, though certainly living from time to time at Farnham, have left any sure mark on its walls. Wykeham is stated to have found all his episcopal houses in decay, and to have executed large works of repair in each. Farnham, we may be sure, was not overlooked, but whatever he did there has vanished, and there is no certain trace of his consummate architectural skill.

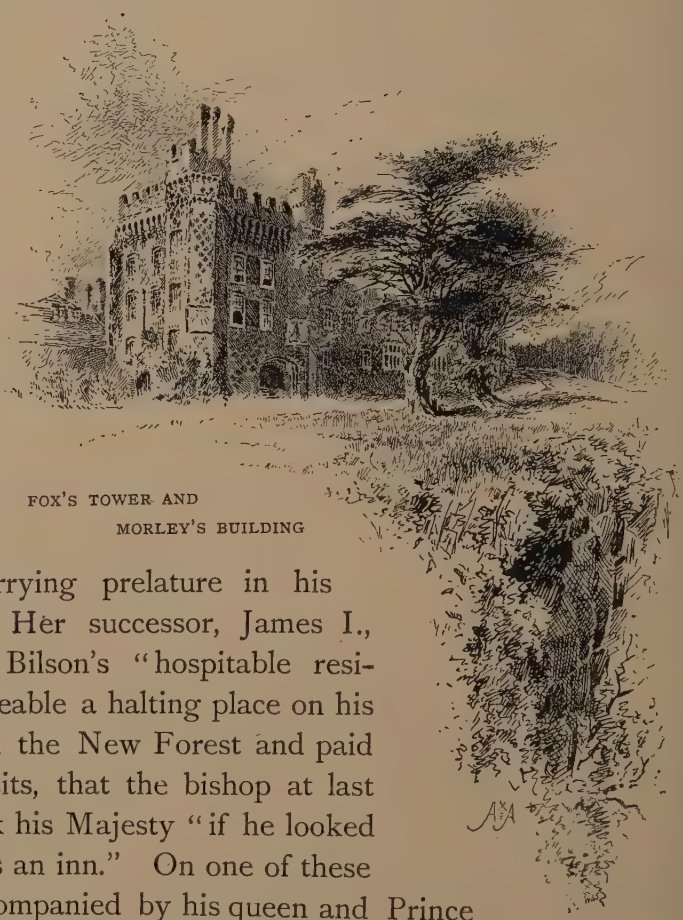
It is far otherwise with Bishop Fox, with whom the Tudor period opens, the skilful diplomat to whose sage counsels the success of Henry of Richmond's bold venture on the English crown was mainly due, and who, by arranging the marriage of his daughter Margaret with the Scottish king, gave us our Stuart line of Sovereigns. His noble red-brick tower, the solidity of whose walls has defied all assailants, still forms the chief architectural feature of the castle. Fox also added habitable chambers above the main entrance of the keep, the broad, arched fireplaces of which are carved with his initials. His successor, Wolsey, who, some say, had been long grudging the blind old man to whom he owed his rise his last span of life, probably never saw his castle or even his cathedral. Gardiner, the many-sided, eager for the reform of the abuses of the Church, and yet, such is the irony of fate, the main instrument of their maintenance, here, in July 1554, received the unhappy Mary Tudor on her way to Winchester for her

nuptials with Philip of Spain, which a few days later the bishop himself celebrated.

With Gardiner closes the roll of statesmen-bishops. A new epoch begins with Elizabeth. From this period the Bishops of Winchester made Farnham their favourite country residence, their town house being Winchester Palace in Southwark, exchanged by Bishop Morley for a mansion at Chelsea, which in its turn was exchanged by Bishop Sumner for a house in St. James' Square. After the bishops had made Farnham their permanent home royal visits became rather inconveniently frequent. Elizabeth, in 1567 and 1569, was the guest of the fanatical iconoclast and sour Genevan, Horne, "hard in nature," it was said, "and crooked in condition, in keeping with his name." It was at her second visit that, when "taking the Duke of Norfolk," the wealthy and ambitious Thomas Howard, "to dinner," in the bishop's hall, she "gave him a nip" with reference to the rumoured marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, and warned him to "take heed on what pillow he laid his head." It will be remembered that, though heeded for the moment, the warning proved futile, and, in Mr. Froude's words, "after he had dishonoured his lineage with perjury and cowardice," he left his head on a hard pillow on Tower Hill.

Not inappropriately Farnham was subsequently the place of the honourable imprisonment of the wily conspirator, deep in plots against Elizabeth's life and throne, Leslie, Bishop of Ross, by whom this fatal marriage had been originally devised. Bishop Horne was his gaoler, by whom, although, and with good cause, he was "very straitly kept," and allowed to converse with no one privately, he acknowledges he was "very honourably and friendly used."

This was not Elizabeth's last visit to Farnham. We find her here again in 1591, as the guest of Cooper, who is said to have owed his see to the excellence of a Latin Dictionary,



FOX'S TOWER AND MORLEY'S BUILDING

with which the learned queen was mightily taken. At her last visit, in 1601, she was received by the profoundly learned Bilson, the commander-in-chief of the warfare against the Puritans, "carrying prelature in his very aspect." Her successor, James I., found Bishop Bilson's "hospitable residence" so agreeable a halting place on his way to hunt in the New Forest and paid it so many visits, that the bishop at last ventured to ask his Majesty "if he looked on Farnham as an inn." On one of these progresses, accompanied by his queen and Prince Charles, July 1609, the stable caught fire. The king lost a couple of his horses, besides all his saddles and the harness for the queen's coach. "If our coach horses had miscarried," writes the Earl of Worcester, "we had made a short progress. God be thanked, neither king, queen, nor prince (Charles) slept the worse or even waked till the morning." During this sojourn the king's wrath was stirred by "the great lasinesse in the posts" which delayed his letters. After Bilson's death, James proved as regular and as costly a visitor to Bishop Andrewes, on whom, in 1662, he inflicted the entertainment of his royal person and his retinue for a whole

week. Andrewes' first reception of the king and his court in August, 1620, lasted three days, and was of unusual magnificence. It cost Andrewes £3000, equal to £9000 now. It is described by Bishop Buckeridge as being "as bountiful and great an entertainment as ever the king had received at a subject's hands."

Passing on from James I. to the reign of his unhappy and misguided son, we find Farnham Castle occupying a conspicuous place in the great Civil Wars, between 1642 and 1644, and at one time the headquarters of the Parliamentary army. On the outbreak of the contest in 1642, it was occupied for the king. Sir John Denham, then High Sheriff of Surrey, was made governor of the castle, which was garrisoned for the king in 1642. Denham dabbled not very successfully in poetry. His name still survives in books of "Elegant Extracts" as the author of "Cooper's Hill." But poor as Denham was as a poet, he was a poorer commander. The castle was easily taken by Waller; Denham and his men were made prisoners, and it became the centre of the operations of the Parliamentary army in the surrounding district.

It would be tedious to trace the chequered fortunes of Farnham during the next eventful years, during which it was tossed like a shuttlecock between the two contending parties, suffering no little from the blows of each. One or two leading incidents must suffice. In December 1643, Waller drew up his forces, reinforced by the train-bands from London, in the bishop's park, and marched to Alton, where he completely routed Lord Crawford and his Cavaliers, 700 being taken prisoners. Of these 175 were "coupled together," and shut up in Farnham Castle, others being imprisoned in the parish church. Waller was succeeded as governor by the sacred poet George Wither, who would appear to have been as little fitted for the post as his "rival poet and rival politician," Denham. The governorship proved a sorry berth for poor

Wither. Having been thwarted in his endeavours to put the castle in a proper state of defence, he was compelled by the orders of Parliament to evacuate it, leaving it to be retaken by the Cavaliers.

Two years later Farnham was again in the hands of the Parliament, and received a visit from Oliver Cromwell himself, March 28th, 1648. Goring had been sweeping over Hampshire and was threatening Farnham, of which indeed he subsequently made himself master, but was speedily forced to evacuate it for want of money to pay his men. Cromwell's presence at this crisis is made known to us by a letter dated at Farnham. Richard Cromwell's marriage to the daughter of Mr. Mayor, of Hursley, was then in contemplation, and Oliver wrote to Mayor's neighbour, Colonel Richard Norton —whom he addresses as "Dear Dick"—to acquaint him with the progress of the affair. "The marriage did a little stick." (Mayor thought Cromwell favoured the "sectaries" too much.) But he thought the difficulties could be got over. "He saw nothing but that the business might go on," as we know it did.

The days of Farnham as a fortress were now over. It had done mischief enough already. To rid it of the power of doing more, the Parliament ordered that it should be rendered indefensible—"slighted" was the technical term—and no longer menace the peace of the district. Before the orders could be executed, Farnham became, on December 29th, 1648, the halting place of Charles I., on his way from Hurst Castle under Harrison's escort to Windsor, whence he went in little more than a month to the scaffold at Whitehall. The unhappy king must have sadly contrasted this visit with that of his father to Bishop Bilson, when the royal party had been so nobly entertained. After supper, Charles is reported to have taken Harrison into a window recess and reproached him with having offered to assassinate him at Hampton

The Garden at the summit.

Court, an accusation which the general peremptorily repudiated.

The materials of the doomed fortress were sold to one Mr. John Goodwin, who made little of his purchase. The officers and soldiers before they left having stripped it of the lead, timber, iron, and glass, and indeed everything that could be turned into money, in satisfaction for their pay, Goodwin made formal complaint to Parliament. Restitution was ordered, but could not be obtained.

We know nothing of the condition of the castle and its occupants—if it had any—during the Commonwealth. At the Restoration, Bishop Duppa, on his translation from Salisbury, found the castle "much dilapidated and ruinous, although not quite demolished." Brighter days had then begun to dawn. During the two years he was bishop he spent £2400 on the building, and made it partially habitable. The work begun by Duppa was completed by his successor,

Bishop Morley, the faithful chaplain of Charles II. in his exile, and subsequently of his aunt Elizabeth, the discrowned queen of Bohemia. Morley's honoured memory sheds a holy fragrance through the house of which he was practically the rebuilder—"the restorer of paths to dwell in." His benefactions to his see were unbounded. On the castle alone, during his lifetime, he expended more than £10,000, rebuilding the south front, restoring the ruined hall, and forming a new chapel, to take the place of the mediæval chapel, dismantled by the Parliamentary soldiers. Where Bishop Morley's new chapel was situated is not absolutely certain. It is asserted by some that the present drawing-room was formerly the chapel, its destination being changed by Bishop Thomas (1761–1781), who, it is said, formed the present chapel out of a portion of Morley's new building, transferring to it the rich woodwork which, if not actually the work of Wren and Gibbons, certainly breathes their spirit. Others, with rather greater show of probability, maintain that the existing chapel is Morley's own. Certainly it is a typical example of the domestic chapel of the Restoration period. With the possible exception of the chapel, it must be allowed that in his new erections at Farnham, though with the best intentions, Morley, as is said by Grose, "displayed neither skill nor judgment, the new buildings being neither handsome nor convenient." The present bishop goes further, and characterises Morley's wing as "probably the ugliest thing in the county." It is of brick, coated with cement, and has been made uglier since Morley's time by the substitution of a bald horizontal battlement for the gables which originally broke its monotony. Morley also rebuilt the great dining-hall in the same modern fashion, casing the outside wal's with red brick, in the style of the day, regardless ot the original design.

A very charming page in the history of Farnham is opened

PART OF EASTERN SIDE AND GARDEN

by the connection of Bishop Morley with the gentle angler, Izaak Walton, and his brother-in-law, Thomas Ken, the saintly Bishop of Bath and Wells. Ken was then chaplain to Morley, "whose name," writes Dean Plumptre, "shines with rays reflected from Ken's brighter lustre." Morley and Walton's friendship had begun in youth, and lasted more than sixty years close and unbroken. On his translation to Winchester, in 1662, Morley invited Walton, then past seventy, to take up his residence with him, and both at Farnham and Chelsea, Walton had his modest lodgings. Morley thus fully repaid the hospitable shelter which we would fain believe (the matter is not beyond question) Walton had given him in the late troublous times, in his "son Cotton's" home on the banks of the crystal Dove. It is not one of the least sacred of the many memories which cluster round Farnham, that it was here that, to quote Wordsworth's not too eulogistic lines, with a pen

"Dropped from an angel's wing,"

Walton wrote two of the "Lives"—those of Donne and Herbert—

"Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory,"

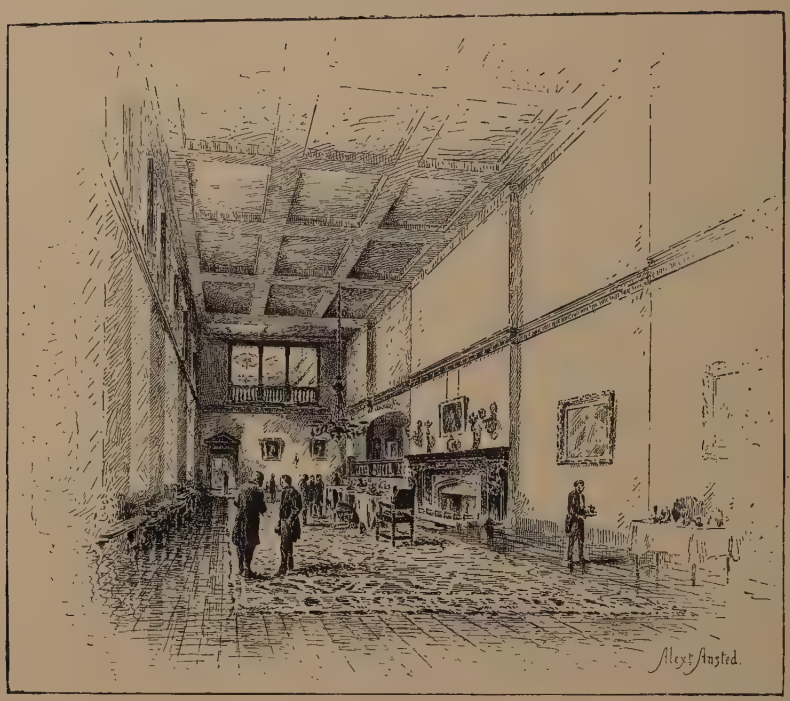
which have been well termed by Mr. Anderson "the mirror of a gentle spirit purified by a simple devotion to God." The first collected edition of the "Lives," which, even more than his "Angler," have made Walton's name immortal, was inscribed to Bishop Morley, "not (Walton says) as a dedication, but rather as an humble and more public acknowledgment of the long-continued, and now daily, favours bestowed on him by the bishop." Morley did not survive his old friend a full year. He died in the eighty-seventh year of his age, at Farnham, early in the morning of October 29th, 1684, "gathered under the feet of St. Simon and St. Jude." Ken was summoned from Winchester to receive the bishop's parting benediction, and soothed his dying moments with the prayers of the Church. Morley's life was one of strict asceticism; his day began at 5 A.M., winter and summer, and did not end until 11 P.M., and on the coldest mornings he denied himself the comfort of a fire, taking only one full meal in the twenty-four hours. The bedchamber he had chosen in the castle he had so nobly renovated, was a little closet about eight feet square, in the basement of Bishop Fox's tower, the bed filling a narrow recess beneath the stairs. The only window, small and low, looks to the east, and we may well conceive the good bishop hailing the first beams of the rising sun as they streamed in with the strains of his chaplain's Morning Hymn, and bidding his soul "awake" with it.

Morley was succeeded by a man of a very different stamp, the energetic and versatile Peter Mews, "the fighting bishop" (1684–1707). In early life Mews had served in the Royal army, and had been wounded in one of the battles of Newbury. After the Restoration he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. Monmouth's rebellion found him Bishop of Winchester, but

though no longer young, the tidings revived his old warlike spirit, like the war-horse "smelling the battle afar off." The rebel forces were on their march through his old diocese. Thither he set out with all speed, and aided the Royal forces with his military experience, giving his own carriage horses to drag the Royal artillery to the field of Sedgemoor, and directing the fire with a precision which contributed no little to the success of the day. Three years later, the assurance of Mews' staunch loyalty led the unhappy James, in the crisis of the Revolution, to contemplate Farnham Castle as a safe refuge. The one thing recorded of Mews at Farnham is that he converted the area of the keep into an orchard, and filled up the well, long dry, in which the Farnham folk were in the habit of hiding their plate and money in troublous times.

Passing over several bishops who have left no mark at Farnham, we come to Bishop John Thomas (1761–1781), one of the three bishops who, at the same time, to the confusion of historians, bore the same names. This particular John Thomas had been tutor to George III., and to that he owed his promotion. Though not eminent as a scholar or as a divine, he was a worthy and amiable man, and secured the affections of his royal pupil, who with his queen paid him yearly visits at Farnham. The bishop was uncle to the highly didactic Mrs. Chapone, whose writings, now probably completely forgotten, were the mental pabulum of our great-grandmothers. At one of the royal visits, in 1778, Mrs. Chapone was staying with her uncle, and we are told the queen introduced the princess-royal to her, expressing the hope that "her daughter had adequately profited by her 'Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.'"

Thomas' successor, the Hon. Brownlow North (1781–1820), found the castle much neglected and out of order, and spent a considerable sum in repairs and renovations. But his residence at Farnham was very intermittent. His wife is



THE DINING HALL

described as "a well-known leader in the fashionable world," a great lover of pleasure and change, and the greater part of their time was spent in Italy. It may be recorded to Bishop North's credit that he greatly improved the park by stopping unlicensed footpaths and by well-considered plantations. He also enclosed the "Plaisance," the only corner of the park reserved for private use, and adorned the terrace in front of the castle with cedars raised by Mrs. North from seeds actually brought from Mount Lebanon, which are still its chief ornament, though showing marks of decay.

We must hasten over the short remaining period. Bishop Tomline (1820–1827, Pitt's tutor, the vigorous opponent of Thomas Scott, and Calvinism in general), was only at Farnham seven years, and did little if anything to the castle.

When "princely Bishop Sumner" (1827–1869), "with his fine taste and great understanding of landscape gardening and ample public resources, began his long and splendid reign, there was much to be done, and he did it."* Among other things, he converted Bishop Mews' orchard, at the summit of the keep, into a flower garden, and made it accessible by an outside staircase from the garden, and by casing its crumbling walls with stone saved it from imminent ruin. He also restored the ancient gate-house by which the castle precincts are entered.

His successor, the gifted Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, never lived at Farnham at all. On Bishop Sumner's resignation the castle was assigned to him for his life, and he was still living when the fatal accident on the Surrey downs deprived the Church of her ablest and most influential bishop. The late Bishop Harold Browne—a name never to be mentioned without grateful recollections of the benefits conferred on the Church by his ripe wisdom, devotion to duty, and lovely Christian character—spent largely in repairs and alterations. He greatly improved the appearance of the south front externally, and increased the lightsomeness of the rooms within, by converting several of Morley's monotonous row of sash windows into lofty mullioned openings.

The praiseworthy object of the present occupant of the see, Bishop Thorold, has been, to use his own words, "to make it as easy as possible for a successor to reside at the castle." New windows have been opened, a new corridor built, the whole house put in perfect repair, and a labyrinth of dark and wintry attics, known by the singularly inappropriate names of "Paradise" and "Arcadia," has been refitted, warmed, and lighted, and now supplies sleeping accommodation for candidates for ordination at the Ember seasons. Without

* Bishop Thorold's "Pastoral," p. 18.

forfeiting anything of its pristine character the castle has thus become, under his auspices, a thoroughly warm and cheery home. Eleven portraits of Bishops of Winchester have been added to the heirlooms of the see.

The castle precincts are entered through the once portcullised archway of a gate-house, flanked by the remnants of strong towers, battered to pieces in the Civil Wars, and restored by Bishop Sumner. Immediately to our left on entrance is the thirteenth-century kitchen, probably the work of De Lucy. The wall is pierced with five deeply splayed lancets. A small square turret rises at the outer corner. Behind this, as we shall see when we enter, is the still older chapel, now the servants' hall. The main feature of the south front is Bishop Fox's stately red-brick tower crowned with machicolations, and strengthened by octagonal corner turrets. Marred as it is by good Bishop Morley's sash windows, the dignity of its proportions challenges admiration. This cannot be claimed for the same bishop's three-storied building beyond the tower, which contains the family rooms, improved as it has been by Bishop Harold Browne's mullioned windows.

The main entrance to the castle is by Bishop Fox's tower. The portcullis groove in the main archway tells of the need of defensive arrangements still surviving in the sixteenth century, though then dying out. A long flight of steps, which have been trodden by Mary and Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I., leads to the hall through a vestibule occupying the place of the "screens of the hall," a feature familiar to all university men. The crown of antlers affixed to the walls recall the banquets, "*pontificum cœnæ*," of which for so many centuries the hall has been the scene. This, though practically built by Bishop Morley in the classical style of the Restoration, with a flat-panelled ceiling, and retaining no ancient features, must be pronounced a noble and finely proportioned apartment. It has received many improvements in floor, windows, and

furniture, from the present open-handed holder of the see. The great central window now gleams with the coat-armour of the nine bishops of Winchester—Shakespeare's two cardinals, Beaufort, and Wolsey, among them—who have been Keepers of the Great Seal.

THE STAIRCASE

The chief feature of the hall is the vast fireplace under a mantelpiece of dark oak, richly carved with festoons of fruit and flowers. On the lintel, all of one huge beam, is inscribed "*Au Dieu Foy; aux Amis Foyer.*" Above it the deeply lined face of Bishop Morley looks out sadly over the hall he had built, as though reflecting on the vanity of all things earthly. His arms appropriately decorate the mantelpiece. A balustrated gallery, communicating with the bedrooms, runs along the north side, and an open corridor on the south. At the east end is the great staircase, open to the hall above, with risers seven feet wide, ponderous carved oak balusters, and stately pedimented door-cases, richly carved with fruit and flowers, which conduct to the great drawing-room and chapel.

At the other end of the hall is the Early-English kitchen we have already spoken of. The place of the vast fireplace of mediæval times is shown by a wide pointed arch, occupying the whole west end, but its duties have been transferred to more convenient modern appliances. By the side of the kitchen, but divided from it by a small narrow court, stands the still earlier chapel, which we may safely ascribe to Henry de Blois. Its sacred character has been lost, at least since Bishop Morley's time, and it has long been the servants' hall. It is a plain example of the Transitional Norman of the middle of the twelfth century, with round-headed windows and doorways and chancel arch, a holy-water stoup, and a pointed barrel vault. It stands on an undercroft, now completely modernised, and was approached by steps from the narrow court to the south. Early in the Lancet period, a north aisle was added, opening into the chapel by two plain pointed arches, rising from a huge cylindrical pier and responds. This aisle was destroyed probably in the Civil Wars, when the castle had such rough handling; to which period we may also assign the demolition of the chancel. The arcade is now built up, leaving the bulky pier half inside, half outside, the wall.

Returning to the eastern end of the hall and ascending the grand staircase, we reach the great drawing-room. This, though of noble proportions, was a somewhat gloomy and uninviting apartment until Bishop Thorold brought sun and air into it, by opening a new south window, and improving that to the east. A small blocked two-light perpendicular in the outside of the south wall shows that the fabric of this room dates from the fifteenth century. From its position at the end of the great hall, it may have been originally, as it is now, "the solar" or withdrawing-room. Bishop Morley, as we have said, is reported to have made of it his domestic chapel.

The walls of the apartment are hung with the "Garter portraits," which confer on it great dignity, as well as no little historic interest. The earliest is that of the devout Brian Duppa (1660–1664), in a black skull-cap and falling collar. He was the first Restoration Bishop of Winchester, deeply reverenced by Charles II., who had been desired by his father to be guided in all religious matters by him, and who received his blessing on his knees by the side of the holy man's death-bed. The portrait of Morley we have already noticed in the hall. The warlike Mews (1684–1707) succeeds, also in a black skull-cap and bands. His thoughtful face bears a memento of his military life in a scar on his cheek. Then comes Jonathan Trelawney (1707–1721), of historic celebrity, as, in his former see of Bristol, one of the "Seven Bishops," whose imprisonment in the Tower was one of the proximate causes of the overthrow of James II. After a long gap the series is resumed in the aristocratic Bishop Brownlow North (1781–1820), resplendent in the robes of the Prelate of the Garter. In his portrait and that of his haughty successor, Bishop Tomline (1820–1827), we first see the close-fitting wig and voluminous lawn sleeves, which were the distinguishing marks of the episcopal order almost to our own day. Bishop Sumner (1827–1869), whose portrait hardly does justice to his singularly attractive face, was the first to lay aside the wig, after his illness in 1832, though retaining it for episcopal functions. Now the wig has disappeared altogether, and Bishop Thorold, whose portrait closes the gallery, has never worn it.

Side by side with the drawing-room is the domestic chapel. This is a long narrow room, with a plain coved ceiling, cut off from the corridor by a lofty Renaissance screen of open work, bearing Bishop Morley's arms among other devices. The panelled wood-work which clothes the walls adorned with festoons of fruit and flowers, cherubs' heads and palm branches,

and the stalled seats, all of dark wood, give an air of subdued richness to this chapel, which will be much increased when the new east window receives its stained glass. The most remarkable feature here is the quaint pulpit which breaks out from the panelling on the north side. There is no visible way for the preacher to climb up into it. But on examination one of the panels proves to be a door, opening on a steep and narrow staircase in the wall, by which the preacher mounts to his place beneath the elaborately carved sounding board. Bishop Sumner always held his ordinations in this chapel, inviting the most distinguished evangelical preachers of the day to address the candidates. The evening sermon was preached in 1853 by the American Bishop MacIlvaine. By an awkward *contretemps*, Bishop Sumner chose for his morning text that which Bishop MacIlvaine had selected for the evening. MacIlvaine had thus a change forced upon him, and but scanty time to prepare for it. But his hearers were probably gainers rather than losers, for we are told that his extempore words were couched "in a strain of affectionate earnestness which touched every heart, and drew forth many tears." Among many less distinguished men, Bishop Ryle, Bishop Wordsworth (of St. Andrews), Frederic Robertson, and Dr. Sewell, the Venerable Warden of New College, Oxford, were ordained here.

The remainder of the interior of the castle will not detain us long. The state apartments in Bishop Fox's tower are simply comfortable modern rooms. Much the same character may be given to the family rooms in Bishop Morley's wing. The old dining-room on the first floor has been converted into the bishop's library, where he sits surrounded by well-stored bookselves, and the portraits of some of his greatest predecessors—Gardiner, Andrewes, Wilberforce, and Harold Browne, looking down on him. Photographs of Phillips Brooks, and "the Apostle of the Red Indians," Bishop

Whipple of Minnesota, on his writing-table, serve as memorials of Bishop Thorold's many visits to the New World. The adjacent apartment, formerly the study, now the private dining-room, is hung with family portraits. One is by Reynolds; another, by Chamberlain, is of "the good Sir John Thorold," the friend of Wesley and Doddridge, "a light shining in a dark age." Another, by Chamberlain, is of his father. In the story above is a long apartment—in Bishop Sumner's time called the gallery—hung with delicious water-colours, and overlooking the town below.

ENTRANCE TO CHAPEL

The keep still remains to be briefly described. It is a typical example of what is known as "a shell keep" of the fourteenth century, never roofed over, shelter for the garrison being provided by wooden huts erected on the open arch, or area, and by rude lean-tos against the walls. It crowns a huge earthen mound of artificial construction, clothed with masonry and defended by a deep fosse, now all one sheet of finely kept

turf broken by gay flower-beds. The keep is rudely hexagonal, its inner diameter being about 120 feet. Its walls are strengthened by pilaster buttresses, and there are traces here and there of garde-robe shafts. The approach to the keep is by a long, steep flight of well-worn steps, defended by a wall to the east, the foot of which is reached by a barrel-vaulted passage beneath the chapel, at the north-end of the inner court-yard. This passage is entered by a pointed arched doorway, within which to the right another doorway bears the ominous inscription, "The Dungeons." At the head of these steep stone stairs is a square gate-house, originally defended by a portcullis, the groove of which is to be clearly seen on either side. Within the archway of entrance are small guard-rooms and other defensive works.

The additions made to this gate-house by Bishop Fox, by which its picturesqueness is greatly enhanced, have been already referred to. The *enceinte* wall is now low, having lost much of its height when the castle was "slighted" in the Great Rebellion. A raised footpath follows its contour, from which enchanting views of the well-wooded park, peopled by herds of deer, and of the country round, are commanded through the trees which have sprung up on the wall and the mound. The inner area of the keep, once an orchard, then a kitchen garden, has been converted by Bishop Thorold into an old-fashioned English flower-garden, intersected with converging paths between trim parterres. Here flourish in the richest profusion roses of all hues, clove-pinks and carnations, white and orange lilies, thickets of snapdragon and sweet-william, of bergamot and lavender, hedges of honeysuckle and sweet-briar, and a host of the early tenants of our gardens, such as Shakespeare and Milton loved and sang the praises of, centuries before the pestilent fashion of ribbon-borders and self-coloured beds had robbed our gardens of all their poetry and much of their beauty, and deprived their

owners of that individual interest in the plants, as they watch them spring and grow, bud and blossom, which gives to gardening its wholesomeness and charm. There are few fairer and more delightsome spots than the keep garden of Farnham Castle.

Ely Palace

VI

ALTHOUGH the See of Ely has always ranked as one of the chief bishoprics of the English Church, and has been dignified by some of the greatest names in her annals, it cannot be said that the bishop's palace possesses a large share either of architectural or historical interest. With the exception of Alcock's stately red brick towers and Goodrich's long gallery, the house dates from the end of the last century, and though characterised by much quiet dignity, it does not rise above the level of a large and handsome country mansion. Never has it been illustrated by any stirring historical events, nor, till quite recent times, hallowed by any specially saintly memories. The bishops, indeed, seem to have resided but little under the shadow of their cathedral. They had a large choice of residences. It is stated that in 1370 there were no fewer than ten manor-houses, castles, and palaces attached to the see. Downham, within a few miles of their cathedral, was their favourite place of abode. Several of the mediæval bishops died there. The saintly Lancelot Andrewes chiefly resided there, and frequently held his ordinations in the chapel. It was at Downham also that Bishop Wren was arrested and sent by order of Parliament to the Tower for his long eighteen years' imprisonment. Somersham, in Huntingdonshire, was another of the epis-

copal manors, at which Bishop Hotham, the builder of the celebrated octagon lantern at his cathedral, died in 1337. At Wisbech the castle had been granted by the Crown to the See of Ely. Here Bishop Alcock, the founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, died in 1500. In the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. it became a place of honourable confinement for deprived bishops and recusant Romish priests, of whom the Bishop of Ely was constituted the gaoler.

But of all the many houses pertaining to the See of Ely, the most historically famous is their London residence, Ely Place, Holborn. Here died John of Gaunt, Shakespeare's "time-honoured Lancaster," and, as the same dramatist will not allow us to forget, the fame of the strawberry beds in that then semi-rural suburb, of which Bishop Morton, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, was not a little proud, was a jesting prelude to the deep laid plot of Richard III., which in an hour's time had brought about the decapitation of Hastings and the imprisonment of the bishop. Need we quote the familiar lines—

> "'My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there.
> I do beseech you send for some of them.'
> 'Marry, my Lord, and will, with all my heart.'"

Here, too, in 1619, Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador-extraordinary, was lodged, to the displeasure of the London mob, then as ever strongly anti-Papal, indignant at the prospect of "having masses publicly said in a bishop's chapel." A strong guard had to be ordered out for his protection. After passing into the hands of Elizabeth's highly-favoured Lord Keeper, Sir Christopher Hatton, and being again recovered for the see, Ely Place was ultimately alienated by Bishop Keene in 1772, the see receiving in exchange an ordinary town house in Dover Street, Piccadilly. The contrast between the grand mediæval mansion, with its chapel,

ELY HOUSE, LONDON—THE OLD HALL (DEMOLISHED)

hall, and library, and other appendages, and the modern street house, with its "nursery windows," is the subject of one of the most pungent of the late A. W. Pugin's "Architectural Contrasts." The only part of the bishop's house remaining is the lovely decorated chapel, which, after various vicissitudes, has become the property of the Roman Catholics, who have shown that they know how to make proper use of sacred buildings.

But it is time that we turn from the other episcopal residences to that which is the proper subject of this chapter—the palace at Ely. The diocese of Ely was taken out of the huge diocese of Lincoln, then embracing eight counties, in the reign of Henry I. The ostensible cause, and that a very just one, was to relieve the Bishop of Lincoln of a portion of the spiritual burden by which he was overweighted ; but there was another reason behind—viz., to gratify the ambition of

the great convent of Ely, which fretted at being in any way subject to a diocesan in another county. The first bishop was Hervey (1109–1131), who had been driven from his bishopric of Bangor by the turbulent Welsh, and found a quieter resting-place at Ely as "administrator" of the abbey during the vacancy of the abbacy, and who, when the king's consent had been obtained to its elevation to an episcopal see, was the first occupant of the newly created see. The Bishop of Ely, as in all conventual sees, taking the place of the abbot, a new residence would be needless. He would naturally occupy the abbot's lodgings. His successor Nigel (1133–1169), treasurer to Henry I. and nephew of the mightiest man in the kingdom, Bishop Roger of Salisbury, built himself a castle at Ely. Of this no trace remains; even its site is uncertain. The bishops that followed were mostly great statesmen, far too busy with secular work about the court to be much at Ely. When there Nigel's castle or the conventual buildings would furnish sufficient lodging.

Whether any separate palace, distinct from the castle, was erected before the episcopate of Hugh of Northwold (1229–1254), cannot be determined. The only relic of any early building is that now used as the bishop's stables. Here we have a late Norman building with small Norman windows, set far apart in the upper portion of the south wall. It was adapted to its present purpose in the sixteenth century, when the stepped gable to the north was added and other alterations were made. Northwold belonged to the great building epoch of the thirteenth century, which covered the land with churches of such exquisite beauty as Lincoln and Salisbury, and others far too numerous to mention. To his cathedral Hugh added a long presbytery in the Early English style, to receive the shrines of St. Etheldreda and her sainted sisters, and at his own cost he erected an episcopal palace—"aula episcopalis"—"of stones covered with lead," as the chroniclers

ELY PALACE. THE MAIN FRONT

are careful to tell us, at a period when dwellings were usually of wood and plaster, covered with thatch. In this, on the dedication of his new presbytery, September 17, 1252, he entertained Henry III. and all the chief nobles of his court, besides a vast crowd, who, numerous as they were, were not sufficient to satisfy his generous hospitality. What would we not give to have had Northwold's building—in which he was buried—preserved for us! But not a single stone remains to tell us what it was, unless a few fragments of thirteenth-century work dug up in and about the palace may have belonged to it. Of its destruction we have no record.

The palace would seem to have been entirely neglected by the bishops, and allowed to fall into decay till the latter part of the fifteenth century. On the translation of Morton to the primacy, John Alcock became Bishop of Ely (1486–1500). He was in many respects one of the first men of his age, taking rank with such eminent ecclesiastics as Rotherham, Fisher, and Colet, who before the Reformation made the reform and renovation of the English Church their object, and who, by their holy and self-denying lives, set a high example to other churchmen. An early authority speaks of him as "one who, having devoted himself from childhood to learning and piety, made such proficiency in virtue that no one in England had a greater reputation for sanctity." He was equally renowned for his hospitality and munificence, as well as for his love of building and skill in architecture. Of this he left signal marks, not only at Cambridge but in many places with which he was connected, as Malvern, Westbury, and Hull.

At Ely he is said to have rebuilt the palace, where the two stately towers which flank the courtyard still bear witness to his powers as a builder. A gallery is also attributed to Alcock by early authorities. This may have run across and connected the two towers, the brickwork of which shows

marks of some alteration on the first story. But wherever it was it has disappeared, together with the rest of his work. The palace precincts were formerly entered by a gatehouse, joining the eastern of these towers with the southern limb of the western transept of the cathedral. This probably formed part of his re-edification. Over the gate was a passage by which the bishops could pass under cover to the services of the church. This having fallen out of use, the whole was demolished in 1773, in Cole's opinion "very unnecessarily." Alcock died at Wisbech Castle in 1500, two years before young Prince Arthur, whom he had baptized, and was buried in the sumptuous, but over-decorated, chapel he had erected at the end of the northern aisle of his cathedral.

We pass now from a reformer before the Reformation to a reformer in the midst of the Reformation—Bishop Goodrich (1534–1554), whose long gallery, stretching westwards from Bishop Alcock's western tower, is one of the most noteworthy features of the palace. To his Protestant zeal we owe the destruction of the shrine of St. Etheldreda and the other canonised abbesses which decorated the presbytery of his cathedral, and the other "monuments of superstition," the loss of which, as examples of mediæval art, we vainly regret. As Chancellor to Edward VI. he affixed the Great Seal to the instrument declaring Lady Jane Grey his successor, and during her nine days' reign signed as her Chancellor. But, as Burnet says, "preferring the keeping of his bishopric before the discharge of his conscience," he quickly transferred his allegiance to Queen Mary, and died the next year, still Bishop of Ely. But however unstable his character, Goodrich has left an indelible mark on the formularies of the Church of England, not only in the "Communion Office," in the drawing up of which he was one of the "notable learned men" associated with Cranmer, but in the Church Catechism, to which he

is reported to have contributed the answers on the "Duty towards God" and the "Duty to One's Neighbour." As a memorial of his authorship these invaluable formularies of Christian faith and life are inscribed on the side panels of the oriel window of the gallery he added to the palace.

We have no distinct record of the treatment of the palace during the great Rebellion; but when we remember that Oliver Cromwell was appointed Governor of Ely, and, in 1644, marched into the cathedral at service time with his hat on, and a rabble at his heels, and desired Mr. Hitch the officiating minister to "leave his foolery and come down," and then put an end to the choir service as "unedifying and offensive," we have no reason to imagine that it had more merciful treatment than other bishops' palaces. Being declared "public property" it would become the prey of the fanatic soldiery, the lead would be stripped off the roof, the casements would be torn from their sockets, the ironwork would be wrenched away, and the whole stately building reduced to a shattered ruin. Goodrich's gallery shows evidence of the rapine of the period. It originally had a low pitched roof covered with lead. The lead being stripped off and cast into bullets, at the Restoration a high pitched tiled roof was substituted, and the western end shows two gables, the older and lower one beneath the taller and more modern.

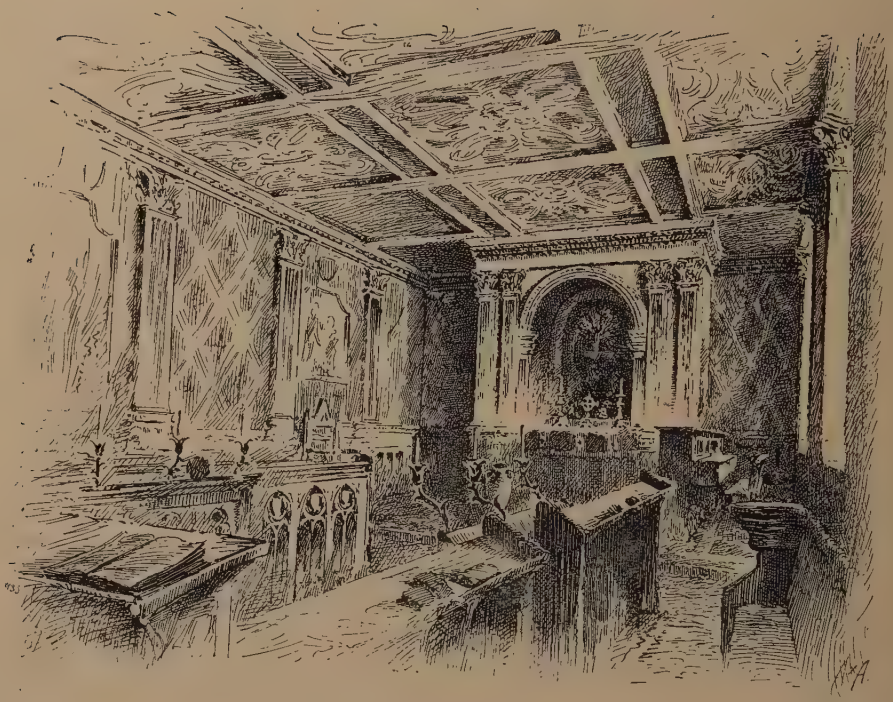
Whether Bishop Wren on his restoration to the see did anything to repair his palace is not recorded. The universal genius of his nephew, Christopher Wren, made its first essay in architecture in the erection at the bishop's cost—as a thank-offering for his release from his eighteen years' imprisonment in the Tower—of the chapel of Pembroke College, in which he had been educated, and beneath the altar of which he is buried. We do not hear of his having employed Wren in the restoration of his episcopal palace. He would rather seem to have bequeathed this work to his successor, the

THE PALACE FROM THE KITCHEN GARDEN

peace-loving Benjamin Laney (1667–1675), by whom a portion was rebuilt. At the opening of the next century Bishop Patrick (1691–1707) "the preaching bishop," who had taken the place of the Nonjuror Bishop Turner, died in the palace, "esteemed by men of all parties for his extensive learning and his unblemished character." He had endeared himself to his parishioners at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, by remaining at his post during the terrible plague of 1664–5, and was recommended for the episcopate to William III. by

Burnet as, "a man of an eminently shining life who would be an ornament to the episcopal order."

The annals of the palace at Ely during the early part of the eighteenth century are provokingly scanty. Whether the bishops who followed one another in rapid succession—Ely being too commonly the prize given to a worn-out old man—did anything to repair the breaches of the palace we are entirely ignorant. It was left to Bishop Keene (1771–1781), on his translation from Chester, to completely rebuild it, and reduce it to its present form. Bishop Keene, "a most cheerful, generous, and good-tempered man," according to a contemporary estimate, "though somewhat puffed up with his dignities," owed his preferments to the friend of his family, Sir Robert Walpole. He had a great passion for sumptuous building, which gained for him the title of "the builder of palaces" from Bishop Newton. At Chester he had rebuilt the palace, and on at last attaining what he had declared was the object of his ambition, the lucrative See of Ely, he had both means and opportunity for indulging in his favourite architectural schemes. Both of his episcopal houses, as well as that built by him in Dover Street, on the alienation of Ely House in Holborn, are characterised by his love for spacious apartments, to which the practical convenience of the house is too much sacrificed. At Ely Bishop Keene pulled down all that remained of the ancient palace, with the exception of Bishop Alcock's two towers and Bishop Goodrich's gallery. He is severely censured by Cole for building his new chapel north and south; but, writes the caustic antiquary, "we are now above minding such things. I wish that when the fringe is pulled away it may not occasion a rent in a more essential part of the coat. If bishops are regardless of ceremonials the rest of the world will be eager enough to follow an example where something is to be got by it." The subsequent occupants of the see had at most the merit of keeping the



CHAPEL INTERIOR

house in good repair, and adding to its comfort and convenience according to the notions of the day. Bishop Woodford, the predecessor of the present bishop, improved the external appearance of the house by replacing the ugly, stable-like windows of the corridor with Tudor lights, and decorated the chapel in a refined taste. Lord Alwyne Compton, the present holder of the see, has constructed a new dining-room out of the basement-story of the westernmost of Bishop Alcock's towers, and has made other well-judged alterations.

The palace, as we see it now, forms three sides of a court-yard, Bishop Alcock's stately towers standing on either side of the sweep as huge warders of the sacred precincts. These towers form the chief feature of the house. Each is of four stories, furnished with two light square-headed windows, and

an octagonal stair turret on the flank. That to the east, which seems to have been the main entrance to the house, is rather more richly worked than its fellow. On the second story there is a beautiful group of niches, now tenantless, with the arms of Alcock and the see below. The shields are repeated in square panels on the two upper faces of the tower. But both towers are plain, and owe their dignity to their excellent proportions. The ground floor of the east tower formed the porter's lodge. Its ceiling is groined with a lierne vault with richly carved bosses at the intersection of the ribs. One bears the arms of Alcock, others the "rose en soleil," the badge of Edward IV. The porter's door is on the west side, flanked with an aperture for inspecting comers before admission. On the east side is his little bedroom, furnished with a garde-robe. Bedrooms occupy the second and third story. The topmost has been fitted up by the present bishop as a muniment room, to receive the records of the see, which

DINING-ROOM (RESTORED BY THE PRESENT BISHOP)

have been carefully arranged and catalogued by his direction. The lower story of the western tower has been transformed into a charming dining-room, fitted up and furnished in accordance with the style of the period of its erection. A bow window has been cleverly formed out of the base of the octagonal turret, modern staircases having rendered its original purpose needless. Above the wide-mouthed arched fireplace is an ancient picture representing the obsequies of Bishop Cox, "the proud prelate," whom, according to a now discredited story, Queen Elizabeth threatened to "unfrock" for his resistance to her imperious demand to yield Ely House to Sir Christopher Hatton. The picture is a curious memorial of a stately funeral in the sixteenth century, with contemporaneous but not very trustworthy views of the cathedral both without and within.

Bishop Goodrich's gallery is the only other ancient feature. Built simply for exercise under cover, it is long and narrow (104 feet by 13 feet), lighted by spacious four light transomed windows to the north. In the centre is a projecting oriel. This is a feature of no small historical interest. To the inscriptions on the side panels of the oriel we have already referred; the bishop's arms occupy the centre. This gallery, which in former episcopates was left desolate and uncared for, has had its walls decorated with tapestry and pictures, and filled with antique furniture, and has thus become a very attractive apartment. At the upper end is preserved the famous "Tabula Eliensis," recently framed in bog-oak, and preserved with jealous care as a precious memorial of the convent, though the tale which has gathered round it is justly discarded as mythical. The picture, which cannot be older than the beginning of the sixteenth century, though once placed many centuries earlier, comprises forty compartments, each containing the portrait of an armed knight and of a monk, with the names inscribed above. According to the

THE GALLERY

old tale, these represent the knights whom, after the insurrection of Hereward and the holding of the Isle of Ely as a "Camp of Refuge" in 1076, William the Conqueror billeted on the mutinous convent to secure its allegiance, assigning each knight to a particular monk, to be lodged and fed during his pleasure. The story goes on to say that the knights so ingratiated themselves with their forced hosts by their courtesy that when they were recalled by William to help to put down the rebellion of his son Robert in 1080, the monks vehemently bewailed the departure of these "dere fellows," and accompanied them on the first stage of their journey "with howlings fereful to be heard, beating their brestes as voyd of all hope." The picturesque but utterly untrustworthy tradition has grown out of a confusion of the earlier period of the revolt—when, the convent heartily siding with the rebels, "monks and warriors," writes Mr. Freeman, "sat side by side in the refectory and weapons of war hung from the walls and roof"—and the later garrison which was left by the king after the submission of the abbey, and which may have been quartered within its walls while the castle was building.

The gallery stands on an arched cloister, originally open,

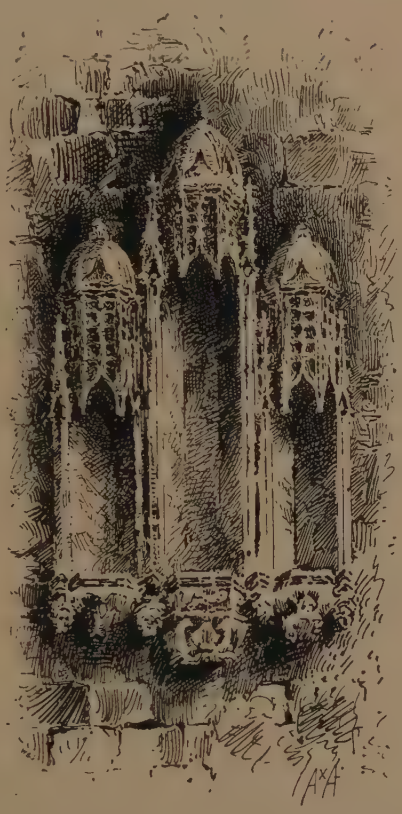
A CORNER IN THE VAULTED CHAMBER

but now with its arches closed and the whole converted into kitchens and other domestic offices.

The habitable part of the palace, the work of Bishop Keene, though well planned and carried out with little regard to expense, does not offer much to remark on. The apartments are well proportioned and spacious, and are furnished with an almost complete series of portraits of the bishops, from Bishops Cox, Andrewes and Wren down to the two last holders of the see, Harold Browne and Woodford; the large open hall and staircase in the centre gives dignity to the interior, while a corridor running round the three sides of the building on each floor affords ready access to every part.

The chapel is the only apartment that calls for notice. It is a mere oblong ceiled room of no great size, but the manner in which it has been decorated by Bishop Woodford confers on it a religious character which even in the eyes of the most rigid stickler for ecclesiastical order must cover its fault in orientation denounced so vigorously by Cole. The pictorial subjects have been chosen with much judgment as illustrating

the planting and growth of the Church and its sacramental ordinances. The walls are lined with Corinthian panelling, On the left are three frescoes excecuted by Powell: the martyrdom of St. Alban, the preaching of St. Augustine, and the consecration of Archbishop Parker. The fresco over the altar is of the Crucifixion. On the right hand side are three windows filled with well-designed stained glass, representing our Lord's impartation of the Holy Spirit to the apostles, His commission to St. Peter, the election of St. Matthias, the baptism of Cornelius, the confirmation of the disciples at Ephesus, the ordination of Timothy, the midnight communion and raising of Eutychus at Troas, and other allied subjects bearing on the sacred ministry of the Church. The floor is beautifully paved, and every detail exhibits the spirit of loving care for the beauty of the sanctuary.



TRIPLE NICHE IN THE EASTERN TOWER

The south front, to the garden, with its long row of tall sash windows, and gabled dormers breaking the high-pitched roof, has much quiet dignity. The gardens themselves are extensive and planted with a variety of well-chosen trees and shrubs, in the selection of which great care was taken by

Bishop Keene. The nurserymen and gardeners' lists submitted to the bishop are still preserved in the muniment room. The chief glory of the wide-spread lawn is a magnificent plane tree of immense size and height, said to be the largest in Europe and to have been planted by the learned and pious Bishop Gunning (1675–1684) the reputed author of the "Prayer for all Conditions of Men." The views of the towers of the cathedral and of its vast fabric from different parts of the garden, changing as we move—now obscured by the branches of the stately trees, now revealing themselves again—are such as when once seen can never be forgotten.

Wells Palace

VII

THE springs of water which run among the Mendip Hills and gush out like a river in the green valley of Wells at their feet, have determined alike in former ages the first missionary settlement, and the sites of the cathedral church, and of the palace which rose in after times at their source. Bright waters, welling out hard by the foundations of the church eastward, form deep crystalline pools, traditionally "the bottomless wells," on whose clear surface the shadows of eastern gable of choir, transept, and central tower of the church of St. Andrew are reflected in fair pictured semblance, even, as "the swan on still St. Mary's lake floats double, swan and shadow." A little lower down the waters fall into the broad channels of the moat which girdles the little islet on which stands one of the most stately palaces in England of the mediæval prince-bishops.

Four chief builders, in their several periods during two hundred and fifty years, have left their mark on the palace as it stands to-day: Jocelin of Wells and Robert of Acton Burnell in the thirteenth century, Ralph of Shrewsbury in the fourteenth, and Thomas of Bekynton in the fifteenth centuries.

Jocelin, the "son of the soil," who had risen through all the gradations of ecclesiastical office to the bishop's throne

in the church of his home, was the first maker of the palace on the southern bank of the stream of St. Andrew.

Royal grants from John early in his episcopate gave him licence to enclose a park on the south side of the vill of Wells, and he was stocking his park with wild deer from the forest of Cheddar at the same time that he was building up the west front of the great church of St. Andrew. Banished by John for publishing the Interdict, he matured his plans for church and palace in foreign lands. Then, after Runnymede, he raised the vaulted halls of entrance and reception, and on the first floor the gallery and great chamber, solar and oratory, which form the central block of the present building.

Next builder to Jocelin came the great statesman and chancellor of Edward I., Robert, lord of Acton Burnell in Shropshire. At the end of the thirteenth century (1275–1292), there rose on the south side of Jocelin's building a great hall of state rivalling the King's Hall at Westminster, of which the four towers and the northern side and the beautiful chapel yet remain, telling of the magnificent ideas of the worldly prelate, the comrade of Edward in his Scottish wars, and warden of the Welsh marches in the west of England.

This noble hall, worthy of a king's palace, was not in existence when Burnell's master, the first Edward, and his queen Eleanor, kept their court at Glastonbury in 1277. But Wells was in turn the scene of a royal visit from the third Edward, his grandson, with his bride Philippa of Hainault in 1332–3, and they were the guests of Bishop Ralph while the court was there between Christmas and Epiphany. Then, no doubt, the great hall and chapel, in their fresh glories, were the scenes of stately ceremonies; pageants and sumptuous banquets were held there, at which the royal chronicler marvels, and which were very costly to both Bishop and Chapter.

THE NORTH SIDE AND MOAT

Then the Dean and Chapter also were able to exhibit to the royal guests their noble chapter-house

> "As rose of flowers fairest,
> A house of beauty rarest,"

and the graceful Lady Chapel, lately constructed on the northern side of the stream of St. Andrew.

At that time those bountiful springs from the fountain of St. Andrew were still flowing unchecked in the channels which they had worked for themselves, and through the fish-ponds of the bishop, on their way between church and palace to the mills of the bishop and of the town. But shortly afterwards, by royal licence granted in 1341, in like terms to the grant made to Bishop Burnell by Edward's grandfather in 1285, Bishop Ralph was allowed to embattle and fortify his palace. Then broad channels were cut for the running

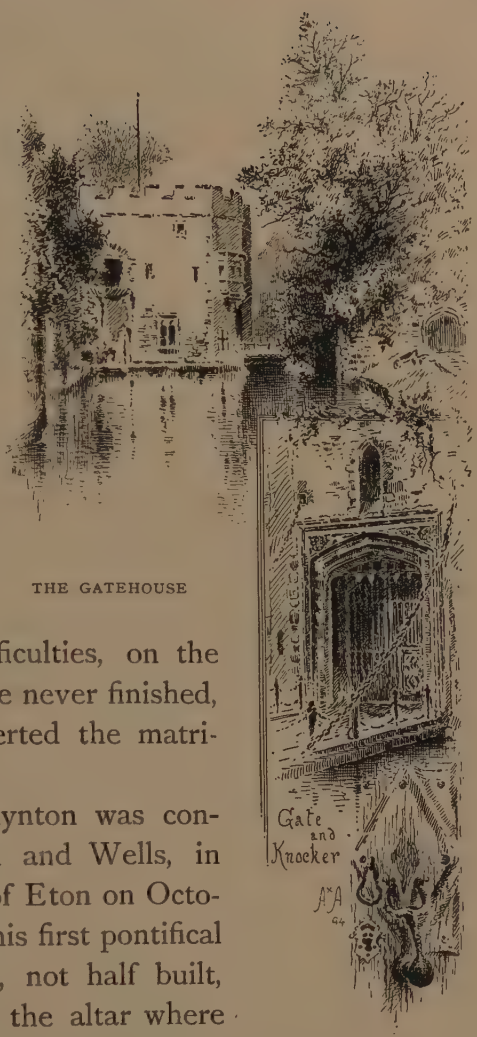
streams to form a moat, four-square, round the area of the palace and the palace courts, and on the embankment were raised battlemented walls, with bastions at the angles, and round towers in the curtains, and entrance gatehouse with portcullis and drawbridge. It was a setting worthy of the gem within.

The bishop's palace was now also a baronial castle, able to withstand, if needed, assaults from overbearing magnates, or from the sometime turbulent burghers of the bishop's own town, who were beginning to assert their independence of the bishop's officers by refusal of payments of tolls and taxes. A tumultuary rising of some kind in the town at this very time, was the subject of a suit in the King's Court in the year 1344, when these works were in building, and perhaps in consequence of enforced labour. On this occasion the bishop's rights were upheld by the judgment of the court. The townspeople were mulcted in the enormous sum of £3000, and the royal charter to the town was, for a time, cancelled.

With Bishop Thomas of Bekynton, Wells has a more local and social interest. Born in a Somersetshire village, a boy at Winchester, and one of William of Wykeham's seventy scholars, then Fellow of New College, and Canon of Wells, he rose under Wykeham's influence and by his own wits to high places. He was secretary to the young king Henry VI., and served on several diplomatic missions. His last service before his appointment to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, was the delicate office of negotiating a marriage between the young king, then twenty-one, and one of the daughters of the Count of Armagnac.

We have a graphic and contemporary journal of the visit of the embassy to Bordeaux, and of the difficulties in execution of their instructions, in which a preliminary step was to obtain likenesses of the three daughters of the Count, "in their kertelles simple, and their visages, lyk as ye see their stature

and their beaulte and colour of skynne and their countenances, with al manner of features ; and that one be delivered in al haste with the said portratur to bring it unto the kinge, and he to appointe and signe which hym lyketh ; and therupon to sende you worde how ye shal be governed."



THE GATEHOUSE

The painter, one Hans, arrived at the court of the Count, and was employed, under difficulties, on the work, but the pictures were never finished, and the French war diverted the matrimonial design.

Next year, 1443, Bekynton was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells, in the old collegiate church of Eton on October 13, and he celebrated his first pontifical mass in the new church, not half built, under a tent raised over the altar where the foundation-stone had been laid by the royal founder. Bekynton was intimately connected with the new college of Eton, which Henry was raising up on the model of Wykeham's foundation of Winchester, and Bekynton, himself a Wykehamist, aided the king by his knowledge and advice. Shortly before his consecration he had accompanied William Waynflete, then Provost of Eton, to Cambridge with the first detachment of king's scholars.

A picture in New College, Oxford, gives a grotesque representation of buildings at Wells, and Winchester, and New College, and also portraits of the distinguished contemporaries of the bishop at each of these places, which are more likely to be true to life.

Great works were carried on by Bekynton at the palace. He built, or rebuilt, the northern wing and the gatehouse of the inner court, the gatehouse in the outer court of entrance from the town, the "Pennyless Porch," and other gatehouses on each side of the cathedral green. He was the second founder and builder of the "Close Hall," and made that stately passage over the "Chain Gate" for the convenience of the vicars choral as they went to the daily and nightly offices of the church. Twelve houses in the market-place, outside the palace gate, were the "new works" which formed an instalment of a great design for a stately piazza, such as he may have seen in Italian cities, which was to adorn his town and make it a praise in the earth. His last act of beneficence was the perpetual gift to all generations of the cup of cold water, perennially flowing from the fountain of the bishop to the market-place of the citizens, with the sole condition annexed, that they should commemorate their benefactor and pray for him at his grave on one day in the year.

There is a pathetic scene in his life when on January 13, 1452, at 5 A.M., he consecrated the altar on the south side of the presbytery in the church of Wells, in honour of the Blessed Virgin and St. Thomas the Martyr, and two days after, in the robes in which he desired to be buried, he consecrated the place of his grave on the south side of this altar, where, as Godwin says, "a goodly toombe was built by himself in his life-time."

His monument has been mutilated in late years, and the canopy of his chantry, of most rare workmanship, has been

torn away and placed elsewhere in an unmeaning position where it cries to each generation, as yet in vain, to be set up again where once it was erected by its builder.

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL

A younger contemporary of the bishop was Thomas Chaundler, a native of Wells, Scholar of Winchester, Fellow and then Warden of New College, Chancellor of Wells in 1452, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1461. From his letters and his books addressed to Bekynton, whom he delights to honour, we have glimpses of men and things in Wells at this time, which bring the bishop and his friends before us. In one of his books is a drawing of the chamber in the palace. The bishop is seated on a throne under a canopy with a jewelled mitre suspended over his head. He is in the act of blessing. On his right stands his chaplain with crosier in his left hand and a book or bag on his right, and kneeling before the bishop is the author, Chaundler himself, in the act of presenting a book to his patron, and "with the book, himself and all that he has." The three heads are probably portraits, and that of Bekynton bears a resemblance to the effigy on his tomb.

THE MAIN FRONT

Chaundler's book is a eulogy of his friend, Bishop Bekynton, and a dialogue on the comparative merits of Bath and Wells. Though extravagant in its terms, it has an interest as the loyal panegyric of one who saw the last great mediæval bishop in his glory, and the description of Wells is the patriotic picture drawn by one of its own children. He is pointing out to his friend, who is a visitor from Oxford, the beauties of the place—"the most lovely church of St. Andrew, where is the throne of the learned and munificent prelate Thomas, first of the name; the palace, surrounded on all sides by flowing waters, and bulwarked by its coronet of battlemented walls and towers. He promises to introduce his friend to 'the noble and facetious dean,' and to the canons, all religious men, and very hospitable; he assures him he will find here well-mannered vicars, citizens living in concord with one another and courteous to strangers, streets clean, neat

houses—for is not the city rightly called 'Wells' where fountains gush out in every part, which both make and beautify the city?"

The glory departed from the palace for a long period after Bekynton's time. The bishops neglected their noble heritage, and it was taken from them for a time. Political intriguers like Stillington, king's ministers like Fox and King and Wolsey, thought scorn of their pleasant land, and preferred to live in king's courts or to be employed in diplomatic services. No bishop left any mark on the palace until Bishop John Clerk (1523–1540), who added the two graceful oriel windows on the north front, looking out over the moat and the upper springs of St. Andrew. Clerk had been the king's ambassador in 1523 to Rome to present Henry's book against Luther. In his last year, 1540, he was employed in a less pleasant mission to the Duke of Cleves to break to him the king's intended divorce from his daughter Anne.

RUINS OF THE GREAT HALL

The year before was memorable at Wells for a tragic scene, which, according to the Wells tradition, was acted out in the great state hall of the palace. If so, it was the last public event in the hall before it was dismantled. The judicial murder of the last Abbot of Glastonbury, Richard Whiting, took place on November 14, under the orders of Crumwell, the king's vicegerent, and also at the time Dean of Wells.

It was about the last act in Crumwell's disendowment of the monasteries which had been carried out with such successful shamelessness, and which had resulted in transferring religious endowments to the vile uses of the king and his courtiers. The scene was arranged in almost exact accordance with an old and familiar scene in Bible story. Crumwell had sent down orders to his agents, Lord Russel and others, to prepare the jury, the witnesses, the indictment, the sentence, and the mode of execution, before the trial. And, on the day appointed, "the men of the city and the nobles did as he had sent unto them; they set [the abbot] on high among the people. And there came in some men, children of Belial, and sat before him, and they witnessed against him in the presence of the people, saying, 'He did blaspheme God and the king.' Then they carried him forth out of the city." Next day they put him to death, but with more refined brutality than in those old barbaric times, in his own vineyard, on his own Tor Hill. Then they entered in, and took possession of the vineyard in the name of the king.

In the next April, Crumwell was created Earl of Essex, as a mark of the king's favour for his many services, of which this was the last.

On June 10, he was charged with high treason in the Council Chamber, and sent to the Tower that same day. On July 28, he was executed on the scaffold on Tower Hill. "As if struck by lightning, the great minister had fallen in the very height and pinnacle of his power." Then men said, "The foul churl is stricken with his own staff."

This scene in the palace hall in November, 1539, was ominous of coming events to the palace and the bishops. The palace history of the time serves as an object lesson in that new experiment of disendowment and disestablishment. Within seven years the king was dead. New ministers surrounded the boy-king, and eager for their share of spoils

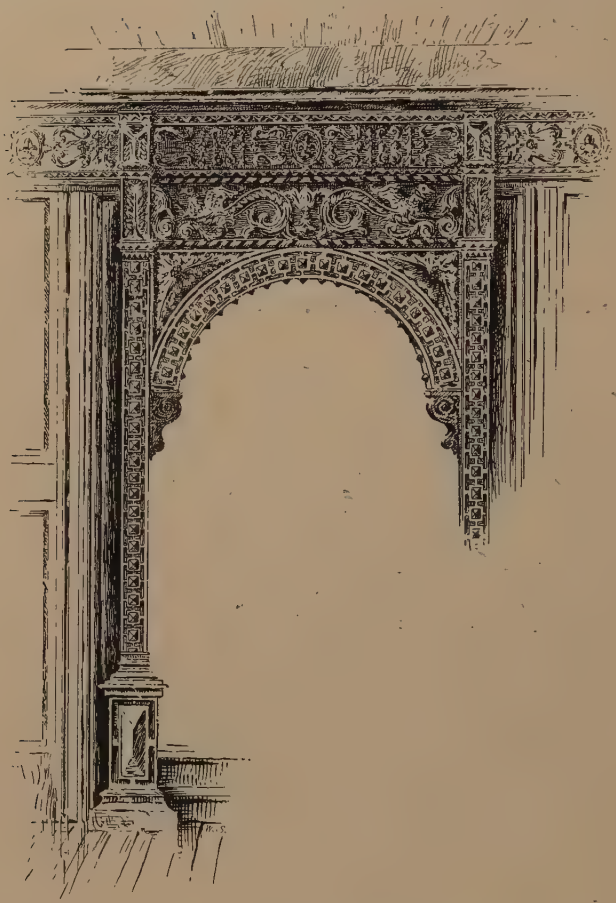
they carried on the work of disendowment of chantries and cathedrals, and entered upon the estates of bishops and chapters.

The usual process of forced surrenders, and then spoliation followed. The Dean of Wells surrendered his decanal estate in 1547. In 1550, the Lord Protector Somerset chose out of all England the palace at Wells and the episcopal manors for his own reward for the battle of Pinkie. The bishop, William

THE UNDERCROFT

Barlow, was the humble servant of his Grace, and sold his inheritance for a mess of pottage. Somerset passed into possession of the palace.

He had scarcely time to look around on his new possessions, when he in turn was attainted by his rivals and beheaded, and another creature of the court, Sir John Gates, by purchase or by royal favour, reigned in the palace in his stead, long enough to destroy the timber of the roof of the hall, and to strip off and sell the lead; then he in turn passed onward to the scaffold.



RENAISSANCE PANELLING, SERVANTS' HALL

By settlements under Mary and Elizabeth, the bishops recovered the palace and a portion of their estates, sufficient for the support of a more homely dignity and hospitality.

Bishop Montague in 1606, one of the few bishops who were of noble birth, spent a revenue which came in from the Mendip lead mines, in restoring at great expense the long desecrated chapel of Burnell's time, and with such taste as to draw from Godwin who saw it, his admiration of "that goodly chapel, the most beautiful I have yet seen in England." To Montague probably is also due the oaken staircase from the entrance hall to the upper gallery in Jocelin's building, and the carved screen of Jacobean work in the hall in Bekynton's block of buildings which now became the chief hall of the palace. The unroofed hall of state, too large for restoration or for

use, was now passing into the stage of picturesque ruin. It was in the inner and domestic hall that the successor of Montague, Arthur Lake (1616), a bishop simple and austere and learned, of the type of Hooker and Andrewes, "a living comment," says Fuller, "upon St. Paul's character of a bishop," used to dine daily with his household of some fifty of his poorer clerks and neighbours; and on every Sunday fed twelve poor men from the city at his own table.

William Laud, in 1626, passed through the See of Bath and Wells on his way from St. David's to London, but he did not stay there. He was elected, but there is no evidence that he was enthroned, nor is it likely that he was ever in the palace.

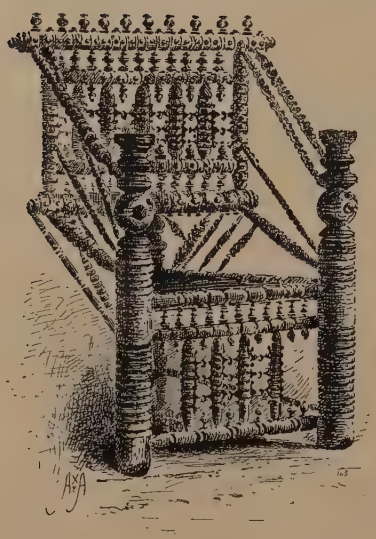
Laud's influence was felt in the diocese through his friend Bishop Pierse (1630), who followed his policy and shared his fall. He was ejected, impeached, and imprisoned; his life was spared to see the church of his diocese desecrated, the palace dismantled and left to go to decay, but he survived until the Puritan tyranny was overpast, and he entered once more into his palace in old age.

Meanwhile, for about twenty years under the Commonwealth, the palace and the deanery, the church and chapter-house were appropriated by the Parliament as national property, and passed into the hands of their Commissioners.

The palace was sold to Cornelius Burgess, one of the "crowish start-ups" of that time of social upheaval, high in the favour of Oliver Cromwell. He used the palace as a quarry for stone and materials wherewith to repair the deanery, and there he established himself.

The chapter-house was put up to sale for £160, but happily no purchaser was found.

Men who were living in Wells then saw the cathedral church closed to the offices of the Church, except to the preachings in the nave by the State-appointed "minister of the



CHAIR OF THE LAST ABBOT OF GLASTONBURY

late cathedral;" and even these were discontinued there, "for so much that it is very much ruyned and leaky." To such husks of religious worship were men condemned.

"The hungry sheep looked up, and were not fed. Cornelius Burgess was obliged to ask the aid of the corporation to keep order in the church while he preached, because the people walked about and did not listen.

But the national conscience revolted soon against this religious anarchy and sectarian intolerance. The Commonwealth broke up under its dissidence of dissent.

The experiment of disestablishment and disendowment had not brought a blessing to those who had entered and taken possession of the "houses which they builded not, full of all good things which they filled not, and of the wells which they digged not," and the people welcomed back with joy the return of the old order in Church and State.

In a few years the same men in Wells saw a wonderful contrast in their midst. Ken was enthroned as bishop in the cathedral church; the old accustomed offices of the Church were restored to them; the lately deserted courts of the palace were occupied by a saintly bishop, simple and ascetic, yet bold to stand before kings, and to rebuke wickedness in high places, gathering his people round him as the good shepherd, and winning hearts by his eloquent preaching, his example of life, and tenderness of spirit.

Here in his palace hall, like his predecessor Arthur Lake,

on every Sunday he had twelve poor men and women to dine with him, each carrying away with them to their families the "fragments that remained," and the memory of kindly and comforting words.

From his palace he went forth to the cottages of the poor, and, after Monmouth's rebellion, to the goals and condemned cells of the prisoners, of whom in Wells alone ninety-seven were hung, and 385 transported.

Here in the palace many of his books were written, "The Practice of Divine Love," "The Exposition of the Church Catechism," the "Direction for Prayers," "Prayers for those using the Bath Waters." The Morning and Evening Hymns were composed before he came to Wells; but they and many other hymns and sonnets must have been in his mind and on his lips in his prayers in the palace chapel, and in his musings in the garden and terrace walks and among the ruins of hall and cloister.

Ken's episcopate is a bright spot in the history of the palace between the time of desecration of religion in the generation before him, and the eighteenth century an "age of light—light without love."

As the spring of St. Andrew which Bekynton gave to the town continued to pour forth its blessings to successive generations forgetful or unknowing of the giver, so from Ken's life and books a spring of holy thought and pure devotion has ever since flowed forth with health and healing in its waters,

THE VIRGIN TOWER

and, in our own generation, has brought forth its good fruit in the soils of such honest and good hearts as the author of the "Christian Year," or as Bishop Ken's latest biographer.

Since Ken's time, bishops in a continuous and unbroken succession, men of different types of character, of greater or less mark, have held rule in the palace and passed away.

And now a tender regret is yet fresh at the loss of the last occupant of the palace, also the last builder in the noble hall of Jocelin's time. In a long episcopate of a quarter of a century, he has added an honoured name to the roll of worthies who have sat in the seat of Ken and Bekynton, of Ralph and of Jocelin. Keenly sensible of the historic dignity of his palace, and of the beauty surrounding his noble heritage, as well as of the sacredness of his office, he delighted to make his palace the centre of spiritual and intellectual life, and to open his home and gardens for the enjoyment and recreation of all his friends and poorer neighbours, with a refined courtesy and sympathetic hospitality.

So for seven centuries, amid "shock of circumstance and lapse of years," the church of St. Andrew and the palace of the bishop, have stood side by side on either bank of the stream which flows unceasingly from the fountain of St. Andrew; rare, if not unique combination of two such monuments of high Christian architecture in such a scene of natural beauty—suggestive parable of the office and work of the Church, to guard the fountain head, and to dispense the streams of living water of God's truth, for the life and healing of her people.

Salisbury Palace

VIII

THE episcopal residence at Salisbury, standing where a bishop's home ought always to stand, in the city from which he takes his title and under the walls of his own cathedral, has, according to mediæval usage, a just claim to the title of "palace." Nor when rightly understood is there anything which should offend in the designation. The word "palace" has no necessarily regal connotation. As the Italian "palazzo" may serve to remind us, it signifies no more than a large and dignified house, the residence of a nobleman or any high official.

The Palace of Salisbury, as it is one of the most beautifully situated, so is it one of the most picturesque of the episcopal residences in England. Immensely long, entirely without plan, its spacious apartments succeeding one another like so many pieces in the game of dominoes, added on just when and where they were wanted without any thought of symmetry, broken with countless projections and gables, it exhibits the enviable picturesqueness of a house that has grown and has been growing through more than six centuries. Among its noble trees, with its broad sweeps of brilliantly green turf and the trim flower garden—Bishop Denison's bequest—which brightens its long southern front, with the grey walls of the most graceful of English cathedrals towering

above, and its unrivalled spire shooting its tall shaft into the sky, the irregular mass of the palace, though, with the exception of Bishop Beauchamp's tower, possessing hardly a single architectural feature that challenges admiration, arrests the attention more forcibly and lives in the memory more vividly, than many a better designed and more architecturally perfect building.

THE ORIGINAL PALACE

The house, as a really old house, consists of three main parts : (1) To the west—the hall (now the drawing-room) and "camera" annexed, the work of Bishop Poore, *c.* 1221 ; (2) in the centre—the old dining-room, now the entrance hall, with the chapel above and (3) the gateway tower and hall, at the eastern extremity, which were Bishop Beauchamp's work. Of later prelates, the main building of the south front, of red brick coated with plaster, with its row of nine long windows and gabled dormers, is the work of Bishop Seth Ward (1666–1688) ; Bishop Sherlock (1734–1748) built the library (now the dining-room) at the extreme west corner, and Bishop Barrington (1734–1748) converted Bishop Poore's hall, already modernised by Bishop Sherlock, with a rich stucco ceiling, into the great drawing-

room. He also largely increased the number of bedrooms and in other ways added to the comfort of the house, at the cost of £7000.

The history of the palace begins with the transference of the see from the wind-swept, songless, waterless hill-fortress of Old Sarum, where, as the old Latin distich has it, there was "abundance of chalk, but scarcity of water," where "the wind raged but the nightingale was silent," to the rich meadows of the Mery-field watered by the crystal streams of the Avon and the Nadder.

The precincts of a Norman castle were in strange discord with the being and work of a cathedral, and furnished an uncongenial home for its bishop. The war of the elements on that bleak hill-top was less intolerable than the insults of the castellans, and the gibes and scoffs of the godless soldiery. On solemn feast days the canons might be forbidden entrance into their own cathedral, or, returning late from a procession to some hallowed spot, might find the castle gates closed against them, and be forced to spend a long winter night under its shelterless ramparts. The situation had long become intolerable. "A temple of Baalim," writes Peter of Blois, himself one of the canons, "is no place for the ark of the Covenant. What has the House of the Lord to do with castles? Let us in God's name descend into the plain." Papal sanction and royal assent having been obtained, the long-desired removal was effected by Bishop Richard Poore, who having previously been dean, had, after a brief episcopate at Chichester, succeeded his brother Herbert in the early years of Henry III. On the day of St. Vital, April 28th, 1220, the first stones of the new cathedral were solemnly laid by the bishop, and the building went steadily forward to its completion—the only cathedral in England built after one plan and preserving that plan unaltered throughout.

The next step was to furnish the bishop with a new home

under the walls of his cathedral. Nor was there any delay. The palace was begun contemporaneously with the Lady Chapel, the earliest part of the cathedral; the House of God and the house of God's minister thus rising together. The spot chosen was on the south side of the church, towards the east. An Italian proverb, "Dove non entra il sole entra il medico," reminds us that the best way to keep the doctor out of our house is to let the sun into it. Mindful of this, mediæval prelates commonly placed their palaces on the south side of their cathedral, where its huge shadow would not rob them of the sun's genial influence. On such a favoured spot Bishop Poore began his new mansion, of which the main building still remains as the central nucleus from which the palace has irregularly shot out its arms east and west, retaining, with greatly increased length, much the same breadth as in the thirteenth century.

The date of the commencement of the palace is fixed by documentary evidence for the early part of the thirteenth century.

In 1221 Henry III. granted Bishop Poore timber from his royal forests of Gillingham and Melchet for the erection of his "hall" and "chamber" ("aula" and "camera"), the stone coming from the same Chilmark quarries as the neighbouring cathedral. Only those two apartments, the hall and chamber, are mentioned in the royal grants, and Bishop Poore's building probably comprised no more. Indeed, these were the only essential portions of a mediæval mansion, even of the first class. The hall, the only large apartment in the house, was the common living-room of the master and his officers and servants, where they took their meals in common and where the retainers slept. Attached to this was the private bedroom or "camera," used as a reception-room as well as a sleeping-apartment. Even royal personages demanded no more than this narrow accommodation, in which

a testered bedstead, and at its foot a huge chest for wearing apparel, were generally the only articles of furniture. Chairs, with the exception of a "chair of state," cushioned and canopied, were luxuries hardly yet dreamed of. Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor, had none such. They were sitting "on their bedside," with the ladies of the court waiting on them, when, in 1287, they narrowly escaped being struck by lightning. As the present bishop has said, "If this were the

THE UNDERCROFT

case in a royal palace, a bishop might well be content with a single chamber for bedroom and sitting-room." The kitchen formed the southern side of a courtyard, on the west side of which stood the hall, with the "camera" beyond.

Though so completely modernised as to be unrecognisable as a thirteenth-century building, Bishop Poore's hall preserves its ancient walls, and its plan and dimensions are unchanged. As in most buildings of the period, the palace at Wells being a striking example, the hall stands on a vaulted undercroft with massive roof-ribs springing from a row of low sturdy pillars running down the centre and bearing up the floor above. This noble apartment, degraded and defaced and cut up by modern partitions into domestic offices, has been restored by the present bishop, and exhibits an admirable

specimen of the domestic architecture of the time of Henry III. With some necessary modifications of the windows to admit more light, while still preserving their old design, it forms a stately servants' hall.

Bishop Poore's "camera" was annexed to the hall at its south-west corner, forming with it the shape of a Greek capital gamma (Γ), or inverted L. This, too, is completely modernised, and forms a passage-room between the present drawing-room, originally, as has been said, Bishop Poore's hall, and the dining-room, built as a library by Bishop Sherlock (1734–1748). It is hardly likely that the essential feature of a chapel should have been omitted. But if Bishop Poore erected one, all trace of it has passed away. It might probably be on the site of the present chapel, and, as now, on the same level as the hall, standing on the north side of the courtyard already mentioned, of which the hall formed the west side and the kitchen the south.

After Bishop Poore, the next episcopal builder of whom we have any certain trace is Richard Beauchamp (1450–1482). He was the successor of the cruelly slaughtered Bishop Ayscough, secretary and confessor to "the meek royal saint," Henry VI. In one of the after-waves of Jack Cade's rebellion, he was dragged from the altar at Edington Church while celebrating the Eucharist, haled to the top of the down, and there stoned to death by a lawless rabble, as a non-resident bishop "who had always lived with the king, and never kept hospitality in his diocese." Warned, perhaps, by the fate of his predecessor, Beauchamp, himself a Wilts man, proved not only a resident bishop but an active bishop. He was also a building bishop. For his own sepulture he erected a chantry chapel on the south side of the Lady Chapel of the cathedral, destroyed in the last century by Wyatt, on the plea —which might be urged with equal force for the demolition of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, or the "New Building"

at Peterborough—that its style was discordant with the rest of the cathedral. At the palace he also carried on extensive works. Dissatisfied with Poore's dining-hall, he erected, at the eastern end of the house, a much larger and more magnificent hall, running east and west, with a stately gateway tower. To meet the growing desire for domestic comfort, he also built a private dining-room (converted by Bishop Barrington into the entrance-hall), and, probably, the present domestic chapel over it. Bishop Beauchamp's lofty gateway tower remains, and with its noble doorway, now blocked and no longer used as an entrance, its battlemented parapet and its staircase turret crowned with a pinnacled spirelet, rising some twenty feet above it, is certainly the best architectural feature of the palace. But of his stately hall nothing is left beyond portions of the outer walls and the huge buttresses which bore up its wide-span timber roof. Its architectural character and its dimensions we can only guess. As we shall see, it went down under the storm of the Great Rebellion.

BEAUCHAMP TOWER

The mediæval history of the palace may be said to close with Bishop Beauchamp. For the next century and a half

there is no record of any additions or alterations to the fabric. Several of the bishops held the see too short a time to leave much mark either on it or the palace, while many hardly resided at all at Salisbury. Ramsbury appears to have been their favourite residence, the palace at Salisbury being placed under the guardianship of a *custos* or caretaker, an officer who, in the second year of Bishop Blythe's episcopate, 1495, was to have for his services all the grass growing within the precincts of the palace, a cartload of hay from the bishop's meadow, twopence a day, and a robe annually. The legate, Cardinal Campeggio, the last bishop forced on the see by papal provision, never resided at all; indeed, it is doubtful whether he ever saw Salisbury. On Campeggio's deprivation by Henry VIII., nominally for non-residence in England, but really because he had failed to procure a papal sentence for his divorce, his immediate successors were Shaxton (1535–1539), who, after having zealously sought to purge his diocese of Romish superstition, found his courage fail at the prospect of martyrdom, and as a proof of his recovered orthodoxy preached at the martyrdom of Anne Askew, and made recantation with floods of tears at Paul's Cross; and the unscrupulous Salcot or Capon (1539–1557), who, shifting with convenient versatility, after having sent several to the stake under Henry VIII., became a Protestant under Edward VI., and changing once more under Mary, sat as a judge at the trial of the martyrs Bishop Hooper and John Rogers. Of neither of these episcopal turncoats is there any memorial in the palace buildings. Nor do we miss it. We have more reason to regret that no part can be distinctly identified with one of the greatest names in English Church history, their learned and holy successor, John Jewel (1560–1571), the defender of the catholicity of the Church of England and the vindicator of its separation from Rome, whose memory is one of the most precious possessions of the palace, in the chapel

SOUTH ASPECT OF PALACE AND CATHEDRAL.

of which he frequently held his smaller ordinations. He was no building bishop. A man of his simple life would be content so long as there was a sound roof to cover him and the half-dozen towardly lads, whom he had constantly with him in training for the universities; while his discriminating bounty was assisting others to secure the education their intellectual promise demanded, but their narrow means forbade. "And blessed indeed," writes Jewel's biographer, Mr. Le Bas, "was the fruit of this pious and charitable practice; for it is amongst the glories and felicities of Jewel that he helped to rescue from obscurity and indigence the immortal Richard Hooker."

The simple and touching account of Hooker's visit to his kind friend and benefactor at his palace at Salisbury, when on his way from Oxford, where he was being maintained and educated by Jewel's bounty, to see his mother at Exeter, as related by Isaac Walton, has been often told, but it will bear telling again. In the words of Bishop John Wordsworth, "that interview is a beautiful memory, illuminating the palace at Salisbury," and inseparable from its history. Hooker had a fellow collegian, bound for the same parts, as the companion of his journey. "Whether," writes Walton, "for want of money or for their humility, or because it was then more in fashion, so it was, on foot they went, and took Salisbury on their way purposely to see the good bishop." Both were invited to the bishop's table, an honour always proudly and gratefully remembered by Hooker. On his departure, the bishop furnished him with abundance of good counsel, and moreover gave him his blessing; but by some inadvertence forgot to provide him with any means for the continuance of his journey. This was, however, soon repaired. The moment the bishop recollected his omission he sent a servant to overtake Richard and bring him back with all possible speed. On his return, Jewel, with singular considerateness for the feelings of an humble youth, addressed him thus:

"Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile and, I thank God, with much ease." And here he put into Richard's hands "a walking staff," with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. "And Richard," continued the bishop, "I do not give, but lend you my horse. Be sure you be honest, and bring him back to me on your return this way." And with these words he put money into his hands for the journey, and more for his mother, promising him a further supply on the restoration of "his horse."

We pass from the peaceful times of Jewel to the fierce storm of the Great Rebellion, during which the palace seems to have passed through many hands, and to have suffered mutilation and degradation from each successive occupant. At one time it was bought by one Van Ling, a Dutch tailor. Beauchamp's grand hall had been already dismantled, little more than the walls being left; and the rest of the fabric had suffered grievously. Van Ling converted what was still habitable into an inn, breaking a way through the close wall for the easier access of the market folks and other travellers coming from the west. The Restoration bishops inherited a half-ruined home, nor did the first-appointed stay there long enough to repair the damage. The succession was rapid. Translation and death gave the palace no fewer than four occupants in seven years. The first of these was Humphrey Henchman (1660-1663), the friend of George Herbert and John Evelyn, known in his day as "an eminent example of primitive Christianity;" a staunch loyalist too, who watched over Charles II.'s safety when in hiding near Salisbury after the battle of Worcester, and after a midnight visit to Stonehenge, set him on his way to Brighton, whence he set sail for the Continent. Henchman's first care was for the chapel, which had been desecrated and put to profane uses during the Dutch tailor's occupation. This he "restored and per-

fected," and to purge it entirely of the Puritan taint, consecrated it to the service of God.* Any other works of restoration he may have proposed were stopped by his translation to London within less than three years (1663–1665). A pleasing incident in the episcopate of this good man is recorded in the delightful memoirs of Lady Fanshawe. She with her children was accompanying Sir Richard, who was on his way to Portugal in 1662, charged with an important embassy. Halting at Salisbury, she writes, "My husband and I and our children begged a blessing of the bishop at his own house," which was graciously granted, and fortified the ambassador for his difficult office.

Shorter still was the episcopate of his successor, Bishop Earle (1663–1665), the sub-tutor of Charles II. and his companion in exile—"one," writes Clarendon, "of the few excellent men who never had and never could have an enemy." He died of the plague while attending his royal master and the court at Oxford. That of Bishop Hyde (1665–1667) was of even briefer duration. It was reserved for Bishop Seth Ward (1667–1689), during his more than twenty years' episcopate, to restore the palace thoroughly, and make it a house worthy of so dignified a see. If Ward's rule was not a peaceful one, if his intolerance of any departure from the letter of the Act of Uniformity, and the strictness and severity with which he enforced the penal laws against those who infringed it, silenced many godly preachers, and, according to Calamy, "drove hundreds from their families and their trades," the palace of Salisbury is a lasting monument of a well-directed endeavour to repair the devastations of the recent political and ecclesiastical tempest. By him the

* It is not certain whether this was the first consecration of the chapel, or a re-consecration, after its descration by its Puritan masters. Domestic chapels were not usually consecrated in the Middle Ages. The chapels of several of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge remained unconsecrated till the sixteenth century.

BISHOP'S ENTRANCE TO CLOISTERS

whole of the central and the eastern part of the palace, from Bishop Poore's hall and Bishop Beauchamp's dining-room and the chapel above it, was entirely remodelled and, in a great part, rebuilt. The long low south front, with its gabled dormers picturesquely breaking the roof, and the range of tall windows looking out on Bishop Denison's pretty flower garden, is his work. To him also belongs the conversion of the fragments of Bishop Beauchamp's dining-hall into bed-chambers approached by a noble double-flighted oak staircase leading to an open gallery. Though carried out by Bishop Ward, only a portion of the cost was actually defrayed by him. The greater part of the expense was charged to his predecessors since the Restoration, in proportion to their receipts. Ward, however, as the doer of the work, not unnaturally took the credit of it; and his own arms, encircled by the Garter, put up by himself, with the date 1674, over the door of the recessed north front of his building, picturesquely chequered in different materials, visibly substantiate the claim.

After Seth Ward the chief builders have been Bishop Sherlock (1734–1748) and Bishop Shute Barrington (1782–1791). Sherlock added a library, now the dining-room, projecting into the garden at the south-east corner, attached to and approached through Bishop Poore's "camera" and on a level with it. He also modernised and ceiled the same prelate's dining-hall, which received its present stately Venetian windows and rich decorations from Bishop Barrington (1782–1791), by whom it was turned into the great drawing-room.

Barrington completely remodelled the palace and threw light into its interior. Before his time it is described as "one of the most gloomy mansions that could be imagined." Sherlock's library having become the dining-room, Beauchamp's old dining-parlour, beneath the chapel, was converted into an entrance hall. He also largely increased the number of bedrooms, utilising for this purpose the shell of Beauchamp's magnificent hall, to the destruction of Seth Ward's open gallery, but greatly to the advantage of the palace as a family residence; and built a new kitchen and offices more conveniently situated for the new dining-room. Happily Wyatt, who was then engaged in his destructive work at the cathedral, was not employed at the palace. Barrington's work is modest and good, with the exception of a fantastic pseudo-Gothic porch at the new chief entrance, which disfigures the exterior. The only subsequent works to be mentioned are Bishop Hamilton's chapel bell turret, which pleasingly breaks the long low mass of the palace; and the restoration of the undercroft of Bishop Poore's hall by the present bishop, to which reference has already been made.

The old Front Door-way — and — the New

As "the key of the West," the city of Salisbury is connected with many important historical events, of some of which the palace was the scene. Parliaments were held at Salisbury, and the city was honoured by many royal visits from Edward I. and his queen, more than once from Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou; from Richard III. (for the execution by martial law of "the deep-revolving, witty Buckingham"); from Henry VII. and VIII.; from Edward VI.

on his southern progress in the summer of 1551, after his feeble health had suffered from measles and small-pox, and in 1574 from Elizabeth; but whether these Sovereigns were received at the palace or in "the King's House" in the close is not definitely stated. James I., however, on his repeated visits to Salisbury, was usually the bishop's guest. He came here first in 1603, immediately after his coronation, with his queen and Prince Henry, and was entertained for three days by Bishop Cotton, and attended divine service in the cathedral on All Saints' Day. Salisbury itself pleased James much, while the freedom from courtly restraint and the nearness of the New Forest for his favourite pastime of the chase were additional attractions. He came again and again, until his visits grew burdensome both to the city and to the bishop, and they were not sorry when these costly receptions came to an end.

James used the palace hall as his "Chamber of State," where on several occasions he conferred orders of knighthood, and on August 2nd, 1618, created Viscount Lisle, Earl of Leicester, and Lord Compton, Earl of Northampton. The ceremony was an elaborate one. The hall was hung with arras, and a "cloth of estate" set up. After the creation supper was served in the great chamber, the peers present wearing their robes and coronets. James's final visit was in 1623, during the romantic expedition of Prince Charles and Buckingham to Madrid, to woo the Infanta. He held audiences in the palace with the Spanish ambassadors, who were pressing for an assurance of religious liberty for Roman Catholics, and rendering themselves universally unpopular by their haughtiness and greed. Davenant was then bishop, a man of whom it has been justly said that "piety and sound learning were united to a degree perhaps rarely excelled." To him, from his very pronounced anti-Romish feelings, such a negotiation must have been very distasteful, and few can

THE TERRACE WALK

have rejoiced more when the return of the Prince proved it futile. It was from the palace the doting monarch wrote to his "sweet Steenie," "If ye haste not home, ye will never see me more. My extreme longing will kill me." Two years later, a few months after his ill-starred marriage to Henrietta Maria, Charles, after inspecting the fleet then starting from Plymouth on the disastrous expedition to Cadiz, himself visited Salisbury, but in such pecuniary straits that he was forced to borrow £1000 of the city. Davenant was still bishop, and he met the demand of the king for the use of the palace for Blainville, the new French ambassador, with a respectful but firm refusal. At the councils held here the removal of Bishop Williams from the Lord Keepership was forced on the king by the persistent enmity of Buckingham. It was a disastrous act. With Williams, in Mr. Rawson Gardiner's words, "worldly wisdom departed from the counsels of Charles, and the first step was taken towards the

disaster in which the reign ended." Charles was here again in 1632, attending the daily services of the cathedral, in the choir of which Fuller, then one of the prebendaries, records that he "had the honour of seeing his majesty solemnly heal," *i.e.*, touch for the king's evil.

After the Great Rebellion, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration, we come to the Revolution, of one of the final acts of which the palace was the scene. On hearing of the landing of William of Orange at Torbay, in November, 1688, James II. hastened down to Salisbury as the centre of his proposed military operations to check the invader. Bishop Seth Ward, now broken down both in body and mind, had left Salisbury, and the vacant place was occupied by the king, crowds accompanying him to its very doors with loud demonstrations of loyalty. An act of infatuated bigotry on the king's part turned the tide. When the Protestant chaplain, who attended him, went to the chapel for the daily service of the English Church, he found it already pre-occupied by Romish priests. The chaplain (his name deserves record—it was Knightly Chetwood) at once courageously demanded their removal. If this was not done he would throw up his chaplaincy. After some hesitation James yielded, but, as usual, reluctantly and too late. The service was performed to a crowded and enthusiastic congregation, the soldiers, on whom the king was relying to maintain his throne, declaring that they would lay down their lives for the Church of England.

This was the beginning of the end. The unhappy king was surrounded by traitors. His leading officers were already meditating desertion to the enemy. To quote Macaulay's spirited narrative, "Churchill advised the king to visit Warminster and inspect the troops stationed there. James assented, and his coach was at the door of the palace when his nose began to bleed violently. He was forced to

postpone his expedition and to put himself under medical treatment. Three days elapsed before the hæmorrhage could be subdued, and during these three days alarming rumours reached his ears." One after another his adherents disappeared. The treachery of Churchill's advice flashed upon him. William was approaching. Salisbury was no longer safe. On November 22nd he fled with all speed to Windsor, and thence to London, and so down the Thames. A fortnight later William entered Salisbury and was received by the fickle mob with tumultuous joy, and was in his turn ceremoniously escorted to the palace, where he slept for one night, that of December 4th, and then pressed on to Oxford.

After these great events, which give the Palace of Salisbury a conspicuous place in our national history, the prosaic visits of an Hanoverian Sovereign hardly warrant notice. We may, however, mention that George III. was for many years a regular visitor at the palace, making it his halting-place on his way to Weymouth, and that his grand-daughter, the Princess Charlotte, was the guest of Bishop Fisher, when returning from the same watering-place, and was "entertained in the palace with a select party and a concert of vocal music." It is more interesting to record that our present Queen, when an infant a few months old, passed two nights, December 20th and 21st, 1819, beneath the palace roof. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, were on their way to Sidmouth, when the Duke caught a chill, and on the 23rd of the following January the Duke breathed his last.

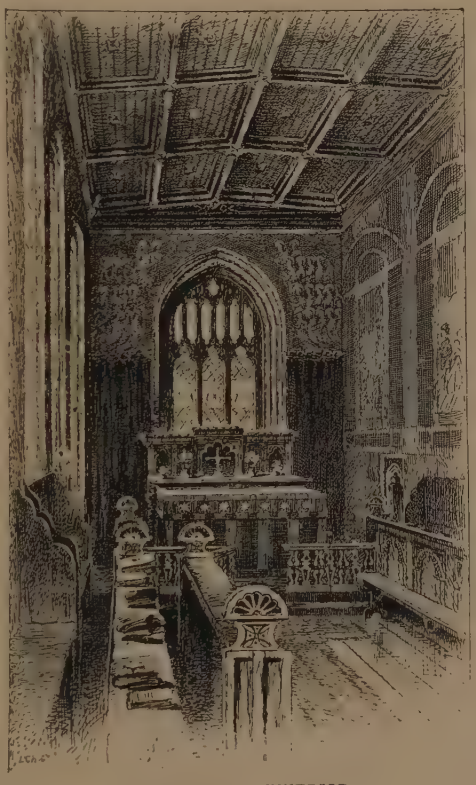
The chief architectural features of the palace have already come under review in tracing its history. The main features of the north or entrance front are Bishop Beauchamp's stately gateway tower and the projecting block of building, ascribed to the same prelate, containing the chapel above and the old dining-room, now the vestibule, below. The east front, towards the garden and the lake, though possessing no

THE NORTH FRONT

marked architectural features, is one of exceeding picturesqueness from its irregularity. Beginning at the west corner, first comes Bishop Sherlock's gabled library, its whole length in advance of the main building; next comes Bishop Poore's "camera," gabling sharply east and west. After this is the broad gable of Bishop Poore's hall, with Bishop Barrington's wide Venetian window. This is succeeded by Seth Ward's long low building, with its high pointed red roof, containing the family rooms. At the extreme east end, retiring to the north, is the mutilated shell of Beauchamp's hall. The grey walls of the long broken building are covered with magnificent magnolias, with their glossy leaves and odorous large creamy cups and trunks of great thickness, pomegranates with their blood-red blossoms, climbing roses of every sort and kind, and other creepers flourishing with the utmost luxuriance in the mild moist air of the close. Bishop Denison's pretty flower-garden forms a fringe to the well-wooded park beyond, an ideal place for a pastoral play, such as has been sometimes performed there. The trees to the north of the house are magnificent; tall elms, towering chestnuts, huge cedars with

their broad branches sweeping the smoothly shaven lawns, with the richly toned walls of the cathedral and its chapter-house behind, and the exquisite spire shooting up into the sky. The whole forms a scene of almost ideal beauty, which, once seen, lives for ever in the thankful memory.

In the interior, the chapel is the apartment most worth notice. It is, as we have said, on the first-floor, and is approached by a steep flight of steps from the corridor. Though its architectural character is not striking, it is a very pleasing apartment, made more attractive by its well-designed furniture and decorations, some of which have been transferred from the chapel of the present bishop's father, the late Bishop of Lincoln, at Riseholme. There are windows only to the north and east, the last-named filled with very painfully coloured glass. The blank south wall is ornamented with a very pleasing series of designs for frescoes executed by Miss Edith Moberly, after Fra Angelico, representing the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Visit of the Magi, the Presentation in the Temple, and the Flight into Egypt. The carved alabaster reredos is a gift of Mrs. Sidney Lear, dedicated "to the sweet memory" of her husband, the beloved chaplain of Bishop Hamilton. There is good oak



THE CHAPEL INTERIOR

screen-work of two dates at the west end. The ceiling is low and panelled, the ribs probably of the same date as the walls. An undying interest is imparted to this chapel by the ordination to the diaconate by Bishop Talbot, October 28th, 1718, of Joseph Butler, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, and then of Durham, the author of the "Analogy." Butler was a native of Wantage, in Berkshire, then included in the diocese of Salisbury. He was ordained quite alone, and in less than two months was admitted to the priesthood by the same bishop, at St. James' Church, Westminster, on St. Thomas' Day. The other chief rooms, the great drawing-room and dining-room, though noble and well-proportioned apartments, are too completely modernised to merit description. They contain a very interesting series of episcopal portraits, mostly originals, from Jewel to Moberly, to which those of Davenant and Earle, two of the most notable occupants of the see, have been recently added by the present bishop.

Lincoln Palace

IX

THE address of the Bishop of Lincoln is "The Old Palace," and naturally the first impression of the reader is that his lordship resides in what was the palace of the Bishops of Lincoln from the foundation of the see; but such is not the case. The bishop lives, indeed, in the grounds of the Old Palace, but his house is comparatively modern; the Old Palace is simply a beautiful, picturesque ruin.

Anything more striking than its situation cannot well be conceived. "Hangginge *in declivio*," as Leland says, built on the slope of a steep hill, immediately under the brow on which stands the magnificent cathedral, commanding a widely extended view over the country towards the south and west, there is no situation comparable to this except Durham. Lincoln must concede to her northern rival one point. Durham has the advantage in the river and the trees which lie beneath the hill. Lincoln Palace, no less than Lincoln Cathedral, has a city with a population of many thousands of artisans, clustering round the base of the hill which is her pride, and the smoke of the nineteenth-century chimneys blackens the mediæval stones of both palace and cathedral.

It is not easy to say with any certainty who selected this charming spot for the site of the episcopal seat.

AMONG THE RUINS

The energetic prelate, of diminutive stature and swarthy complexion, Remigius of Fécamp, may have done so. Indeed, as he was instrumental in getting the see transferred from the insignificant little village of Dorchester in Oxfordshire to the more important Lincoln, once a Roman colony, and then a Saxon town, we may surmise that he did not forget the necessity of a bishop's house while busying himself with the building of his cathedral. But there is no real evidence. He did not live to see his cathedral consecrated, but died in 1092.

There is, however, an iota of evidence, such as it is, which leads to the inference that his successor, Robert Bloet, was bestirring himself about the work, for Henry I. gave him a licence to make a gate in the wall that ran round the Ballium, or Bail, the ancient Roman enclosure, within which the cathedral stood. We may reasonably infer that the bishop had acquired some land outside the wall on which the palace was to be erected.

Bishop Alexander of Blois, his successor, in 1123, was a great builder, and built three castles on the episcopal estates, viz., at Sleaford, Newark, and Banbury, for the diocese then

extended from the Humber to the Thames, but no direct evidence exists of his having done anything to the palace at Lincoln. But in 1147, Bishop Robert of Chesney obtained a charter from Henry II. which gives the boundaries of the land on which the palace was built, and enables us to identify the spot with absolute certainty. The cemetery of St. Michael's church was the western boundary, the city wall the eastern, the cemetery of St. Andrew's Church (now destroyed) the southern, the wall running parallel to the south side of the cathedral the northern. Chesney may therefore be considered as the virtual founder of the palace. King Henry in the said charter gives him permission to "perforate the wall, for his entrance and exit, towards the church," *i.e.*, the cathedral, and it is interesting to note at the present day a token of the bishop having availed himself of the liberty. Standing in the grounds of the palace and looking northwards up at the wall which separates them from the cathedral, we can see a semicircular arch belonging to a gateway, blocked up, by which the bishop could go from his palace straight to the galilee porch. This may indeed have been the gate which Robert Bloet had a licence to make.

But we come at last to surer ground still. Hugh of Avalon, known as St. Hugh, who came to Lincoln in 1186, is recorded to have begun the hall, but to have died, leaving it unfinished, in 1200. This famous bishop, the most remarkable in a long series, as intrepid as Becket, and a true saint who needed not the honours of canonization to enhance his reputation, was more likely to be engrossed in building the choir of his cathedral than in rearing the walls of his own house. Besides, he had a house already at Stow Park, about twelve miles from Lincoln, where he loved to retire, and where his favourite pet swan used to disport itself in the ponds and lagunes. St. Hugh spent as much time as he

could spare in this quiet country spot, and probably was in no hurry to finish his palace at Lincoln.

The hall was completed by another Bishop Hugh, of Wells, in Somersetshire, who was made Bishop of Lincoln in 1209. He is recorded to have also built the kitchen, and to have bestowed great cost on these buildings. The hall and kitchen, though in ruins, may still be distinctly traced. The hall runs north to south in length about ninety feet, and in breadth from east to west about sixty feet; such being the measurements of the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1647. They describe it as being "very faire, large, lightsome, and of strong freestone buildinge." The interior seems to have been like a church, for the Commissioners describe it as having "one large middle allye, and two out iles on eyther syde with 8 gray marble pillars bearinge up the arches of freestone." Also "large and faire freestone windows very full of stories in paynted glasse of the kinges of this lande. The fyre is used in the middle of the hall; the roofe of very stronge tymber covered all over with leade."

At the south-west corner was the principal entrance, where was a porch with a "faire chamber" over it. At the south end of the hall were three doors. The middle one opened into a passage which led to the kitchen, while those on either side opened into butteries. Over this passage and the butteries was a large room, the bishop's solar, or drawing-room, lit by two large windows looking due south over the city. The kitchen to which the passage led from the hall was further south still, having five fireplaces, the back walls of which, faced with tiles, can be seen still. The roof was of timber covered with lead like that of the hall, and rose up to a great height in the centre in the form of an octagonal pyramid.

What remains of all this? Alas! we have to confess with sorrow that only a shell is left. Wood and lead were

THE ALNWICK TOWER

too tempting objects to be left long undisturbed. The soldiers needed the latter for bullets in the troublous times of the Rebellion, and the massive oak beams would not escape the vigilant eyes of builders who were constructing "eligible mansions" in the close. The "paynted glasse" depicting saints would irritate the Puritan, and the "kinges of this lande" would meet with little mercy from the Cromwellian. Still the shell is a very beautiful one. Though the roof has gone, and the "gray marble pillars" have vanished, and the windows are empty, the hall of the palace is a picturesque object, and not the less so because it is a ruin. The description of the Parliamentary Surveyors can be verified without difficulty.

One recent alteration must, however, be mentioned, which to some extent has obliterated the past history of the palace as evidenced by the ruins. The chapel of the Bishop of

THE CHAPEL

Lincoln has been constructed at the south end of the hall, and beautiful as it is inside, it cannot be called lovely, viewed from outside. More than that, it has absorbed the space where the butteries and the passage leading to the kitchen used to be, with the bishop's solar over them; and it requires now an effort of the imagination to conceive what the mediæval arrangement was some centuries ago.

We must pass hastily over a series of bishops who succeeded Hugh of Wells, and who, eminent as they were, cannot be said to have done much for the improvement of the palace, until we come to Henry de Burghersh in 1320, who obtained a licence to embattle and fortify it—a not unnecessary precaution in times when "homicides, robberies, murders, and other

crimes" perpetrated at night made it perilous for the unfortunate canons and priest-vicars and officers of the cathedral to perform their services, and caused the dean and chapter to procure a licence from Edward I., dated 1285, to erect the wall round the close with fortified gateways. The fourteenth century was a time for erecting castles, and Bishop Burghersh was mindful of the need, for he obtained licences also to fortify three other of his episcopal mansions, viz., Stow Park, Nettleham, near Lincoln, where there was a grange or manor-house, and Liddington in Rutland, where there was a fine park.

But the greatest improver of the Lincoln Palace undoubtedly was William Alnwick, 1436 to 1449. He came from the See of Norwich, where he had been a munificent benefactor to the cathedral, and did not stint his generosity to Lincoln. In addition to what he did for his cathedral, he seems to have been virtually the builder of a large part of the palace. He added on the west side of the hall a fine bay-window, which can be clearly traced, and set up portraits of the kings of England in painted glass which, alas! have hopelessly

ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT HALL

vanished. At the north-east corner of the hall he built a noble tower which communicated eastward with a range of buildings drawn in one of Buck's views in 1727. This, which now is a modern coach-house and stable, was the chapel. It is described in 1647 as "very faire, with seates and many other convenience, and very faire painted glasse windows." Bishop Alnwick dedicated this chapel to the Blessed Virgin. At the west end of the chapel were two floors of rooms, containing a study with a lobby on the lower floor; and a withdrawing chamber with a closet pew looking into the end of the chapel, on the upper floor. Under the chapel was a private dining-room, or parlour, with pantries, cellars, &c., adjoining, and winding stairs communicating with the upper apartments.

Now, all this range of building, which was due to Bishop Alnwick, has been so completely wrecked that it is most difficult for the visitor who comes to see the Old Palace to comprehend what the arrangement was in olden days. Buck's view helps us to some extent, but even with this assistance a good deal has to be taken on trust. It enables us to see what the building was like in 1660, when the hall had been dismantled, unroofed, and made a ruin, during the Commonwealth, while the tower, chapel, and rooms adjoining seem to have survived the storm, only, however, to fall victims to the misjudged kindness of Bishop Reynolds, at a later date. The tower alone has been restored in modern times—by Bishop Wordsworth.

Speaking roughly, we may say that the palace, as drawn by Buck, was something like the letter L. One limb, consisting of the great hall and butteries and kitchen, ran from north to south; the other, which was mainly Alnwick's work, ran west to east, and comprised the buildings just enumerated, the tower, chapel, &c.

But besides this there was a considerable extent of building

mentioned in the Parliamentary Survey, of which hardly any trace remains, and which Buck's view does not help us to identify. This was the little hall with a large dining-room beyond it, and a chamber called a study. These rooms were on the south side of the chapel, and therefore do not appear in Buck's view. They ran parallel to the great hall. Under them were three large vaults, yet standing, which are not specified in the Survey. One of them with a well at one end, and a large fireplace on the west side, was probably a brew-house. But the ground has been so displaced and altered that it is almost impossible to convey to a reader, who has not seen the spot, an impression of what it was once like.

At any rate, at Bishop Alnwick's death in 1449, we may conceive the palace as having reached the culminating point of its magnificence, and we may now pass from our architectural survey to a historical retrospect, and in imagination see the palace once more inhabited by powerful prelates with their retainers from mediæval days down to the Commonwealth.

In the Middle Ages the Bishops of Lincoln had an enormous diocese to rule over. Reaching, as it did, from the Humber to the Thames, and comprising the counties of Lincoln, Rutland, Leicester, Huntingdon, Northampton, Oxford, Hertford, and Buckingham, with episcopal residences at Lincoln, Nettleham, Stow Park, Buckden, Sleaford, Newark, Liddington, Banbury, and Wooborn, we cannot be surprised at the bishops being but seldom for any length of time resident in any one particular palace or castle.

The saintly Hugh, as we have seen, had a preference for Stow Park, a sequestered country spot, where he could be quiet and meditate. The second Hugh, of Wells, who delighted in building, expended a large sum of money on Lincoln Palace, but we cannot produce any evidence to show that he specially favoured it by his presence. Nor again did

the famous Grosseteste, the bold, uncompromising assertor of the cause of liberty in the very teeth of the Pope, and the wise reformer of clerical abuses in his diocese, do anything, so far as we know, to connect his name with the ruins we are contemplating.

Oliver Sutton, indeed, who expired in the cathedral while the choir was chanting *Iste confessor*, had commenced building the Vicars' Court just beyond the eastern wall of the palace grounds, which was completed by his executors after his death in 1299, yet neither did he set his mark on the episcopal palace. But it is still more wonderful to find that even when Parliaments were held in Lincoln the King did not necessarily lodge in the palace. A notable instance occurs in the case of Edward I. He came to Lincoln on the 25th of January 1301, and remained till the 4th of March, but the rhyming chronicler Peter of Langtoft tells us:

> "The Kyng lay at Netilham, it is the Bisshope's toun,
> And other Lordes there cam in the cuntre up and doun."

It is strange indeed that with the magnificent palace at Lincoln ready to hand the King should have been lodged at the comparatively small house at Nettleham, two miles out of Lincoln. His episcopal host was John of Dalderby, to whom we are indebted for the beautiful upper story of the centre tower of the cathedral. He was popularly canonised, like Archbishop Scrope and Henry VI., and a silver shrine, which Henry VIII. did not fail to appropriate, was reared in his honour in the southern arm of the great transept. The exquisite round window in the gable of the said transept, commonly called the "Bishop's Eye," was probably placed in honour of one whom all revered as a saint, though Rome, in spite of much solicitation, had not sanctioned the title.

Bishop Burghersh's fortification of the palace we have spoken of, and so far he is identified with the structure, but

BUCKDEN PALACE IN 1790

no more. His name is gratefully remembered in the cathedral as the founder of the Burghersh Chantry, which lends its name to twelve out of the sixteen choristers, called Burghersh Chanters, and his recumbent figure, formerly sheltered by a stately canopy which was taken down early in the last century, graces the east end of the retro-choir.

We cannot connect the names of seven succeeding bishops, save as occasional occupants, with the palace. Bishop Bockingham indeed has left his mark on the adjacent Vicars' Court, where his coat-of-arms is repeated several times on the houses on the east side, but it is nowhere visible on the palace. When, however, we come to William Alnwick, 1436–1450, we come to one who was in a great measure, as has been already said, the builder. And his episcopate was a remarkable one in the annals of the see. Confessor to Henry VI., an able canonist, and evidently determined to leave his mark on the diocese, he met his match in the dean, John Macworth, who was also an excellent lawyer and equally pertinacious in opposing what he considered episcopal aggression.

It would be beyond the limits of this chapter to go thoroughly through the points of the dispute, but briefly it may be stated that Bishop Alnwick wished to codify the existing laws and regulations of the cathedral which had grown up during the preceding centuries; in short, to reduce what seemed to him chaos into order. He was led to this determination by finding the dean at daggers drawn with the chapter, and a good deal of uncertainty prevailing as to the rights and wrongs of the contending parties.

The *morale* of the cathedral was certainly most unsatisfactory. The terrible effects of the Black Death in the previous century were visible in corruption and immorality throughout the Church, and the cathedral did not escape the infection. Actually a few years before Alnwick's coming, the dean had burst into the choir with a band of armed retainers

and had forcibly dragged the unfortunate chancellor, Peter Partrich, out of his stall and beaten him then and there! This incident, amongst others, illustrates the features of the period. The battle between the bishop and the dean was a drawn one so far as the new code of law was concerned, but the bishop's *laudum*, or determination, on certain points was accepted, and is sworn to be observed by every dean and canon on being installed.

We must hasten on to Bishop Smith, 1496–1514, the founder of Brasenose College, whose coat-of-arms on the outer gateway of the palace probably reveals him as the builder. Bishop Longland was the last pre-Reformation prelate who inhabitated the building. He was confessor to Henry VIII., and vehemently supported him in the matter of the divorce, to which he probably owed the honour of having the king as his guest together with the then queen, Catherine Howard, in 1541. A melancholy interest is attached to this visit in the fact that the unhappy queen was accused afterwards of having committed in the palace the crime for which she suffered decapitation.

With Longland's death in 1547 the glories of the palace began to wane. It had indeed, under his episcopate, suffered from plunder at the hands of the rebels in the rising of 1536, but his successor, Henry Holbecke, or Rands, was coerced by Edward VI.'s ministers into surrendering the greater part of the episcopal estates, so that Lincoln quickly sank from being one of the richest sees to being one of the poorest. Naturally Holbecke avoided the expense of keeping up so large a residence and preferred the more humble house at Nettleham. The succeeding bishops followed his example, and the stately structure was left to itself, desolate and unoccupied. We know next to nothing of its history during the latter half of the sixteenth century, but when James I. visited Lincoln he was lodged at Sir Thomas Grantham's house at St. Catherine's, though he

RISEHOLME

dined with the bishop, Richard Neile, at the palace. Probably the sleeping accommodation would be deficient, although the noble hall would be amply sufficient for the purposes of a banquet.

Bishop John Williams, 1621–1642, afterwards Lord Keeper and Archbishop of York, seriously took in hand the restoration of the fabric, and spent a large sum on it, but unhappily the Civil War broke out and frustrated his purpose. In 1643 the palace was used as a common prison; the enormous vaults underneath the lesser hall and dining-room being no doubt extremely convenient for the confinement of felons. The misfortunes of the building culminated in 1644, when it was ruthlessly devastated, its lead stripped off the roof, the windows dashed to pieces, and the restoring work of Bishop Williams completely undone.

During the Commonwealth a house was built out of the materials of Bishop Alnwick's chapel and tower, and a stable and coach-house were built on the west side of the great hall,

THE NEW PALACE AT LINCOLN

as may be seen in Buck's view of 1726. When Robert Saunderson became Bishop of Lincoln in 1660 he found it hopeless to restore the palace to its pristine splendour, so he contented himself with repairing the palace at Buckden in Huntingdonshire, built by Bishop Russell in Henry VII.'s reign, which became accordingly the residence of the Bishops of Lincoln till modern times. Bishop Fuller, 1667–1675, simply rented a house in the close belonging to the dean and chapter when he found it needful to reside for a time in Lincoln, and King William, who visited the city in 1695, had to be entertained in the same house, which then belonged to Colonel Thomas Pownall. In 1726 Bishop Richard Reynolds inflicted a fatal blow on the palace by allowing it to be used as a quarry, for three years, by the dean and chapter, in order to repair the cathedral—a most ill-advised step; for the ruins were thereby so reduced and deprived of their characteristic ornaments as

to make it very difficult to trace the plan of the building in detail, while the repairs in the cathedral were most unsightly. A further change was made by the bishop granting a lease of the premises in 1727 to a physician, Dr. Edward Nelthorpe, for twenty-one years.

He proceeded to pull down the house that had been built during the Commonwealth, and built another one on the west side of the palace which now forms the nucleus of the present episcopal residence. This house passed through the hands of various tenants down to recent days; the bishops retaining certain rooms to be used by them at their visitations.

The last lessee, Mr. Charles Mainwaring, may be called a benefactor to the unfortunate ruins, for he took steps to clear away the enormous mass of rubbish that blocked up the vaults, and opened out the windows and arches, pulling down some modern buildings, and repairing many parts of the ruined structure. He built the present coach-house and stables immediately on the left hand as we enter the palace grounds by the inner gate, which he also rebuilt.

In Bishop John Kaye's time, 1827–1853, further changes took place. Buckden Palace was sold and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners built a palace at Riseholme, two miles north of Lincoln, regardless of the fact that there was a splendid site for a palace in Lincoln, not to mention a very respectable house which could have easily been converted into a proper episcopal residence. Years afterwards one of the Commissioners, on being asked why the bishop had not been placed in his palace at Lincoln, naïvely replied, "We did not know what a charming situation it is."

But what was not done in 1840 was at last done in 1886. Riseholme has been sold, and the proceeds have sufficed for the enlargement of the house originally built by Dr. Nelthorpe into the present palace. It cannot be called beautiful, but it is roomy and comfortable, and commands the

same view as the mediæval palace which lies in ruins beside it. The drawing-room of the present bishop, like the solar of St. Hugh and his successors, looks over Lincoln, but Lincoln has ceased to be a "city of orchards," to use the description of an aged inhabitant who remembered it early in this century, and has become instead a "city of chimneys." Leland would hardly recognise it now, and Evelyn would open his eyes at the change that has taken place since he visited it in 1654, when he described it as "an old confused town, very long, uneven, steep, and ragged." Agricultural machine-making has effected a transformation, and turned a sleepy, dignified cathedral city into a busy mart of manufacturing industry.

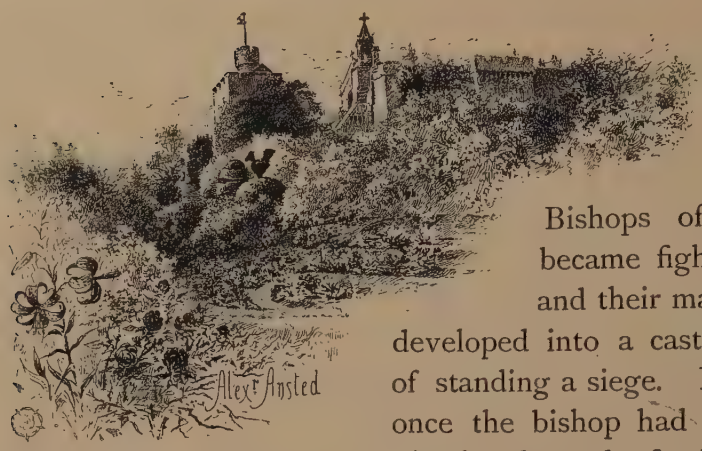
LINCOLN FROM THE ROMAN ROAD

Rose Castle

X

ROSE CASTLE was a residence of the Bishops of Carlisle from the close of the thirteenth century, and is now their only residence. It had its origin in a small fortalice, one of the "peel-houses" which are characteristic of the Borderland, and the subsequent additions were always made with a view to defence, not only from the marauding bands which were continually sweeping over the Border, carrying off the cattle and burning all that was combustible, but from the more serious danger which threatened when England and Scotland were at war, and the instinctive love of plunder was sharpened by the national antipathies of those who, being such near neighbours, ought to have lived as brethren, but who so often proved each other's most implacable foes.

Life indeed on the Border was necessarily one of constant watchfulness against sudden raids, which, if not successfully resisted, would leave the luckless owners with their houses burnt over their heads, and the herds which formed their chief wealth driven off by the raiders. In times of war these sporadic forays were combined in a vast devastating flood which spread fire and rapine over the marchland, and brought its miserable inhabitants to the extremest want. The common danger turned every man into a soldier, and by the



THE CASTLE FROM THE ROSARY

necessity of their position even the Bishops of Carlisle became fighting men, and their manor-house developed into a castle capable of standing a siege. More than once the bishop had his house plundered and fired by the marauding bands of the Scots, and was himself compelled to become a fugitive, not from his castle only but from his diocese, taking refuge, as we shall see, in the distant county of Lincolnshire.

The first time that we meet with the manor of "La Rose" in connection with the Bishop of Carlisle is in the episcopate of Robert of Chauncy (1256–1280), who dated a grant to the Priory of Lanercost, "apud Rosam," in May, 1272. His successor, Ralph of Irton, (1280–1292), also signed documents at the same place. But the real history of Rose begins with Bishop John of Halton (1292–1325). The earlier residences of the Bishops of Carlisle had been at Linstock, where they had a castle. As time went on the forays of the Scots rendered Linstock an undesirable home, and the bishops appeared to have turned their minds to Dalston, a manor which had been granted by Henry III. in 1239 to the then bishop, Walter Mauclerk. This surname, though he was appointed catechist to Prince Edward, he is said to have owed to his small stock of learning, even as the Prince's royal ancestor, Henry I., owed his surname of Beauclerk to his proficiency in literature. A protracted lawsuit with the former

owner, De Harclay, kept the bishops from building a suitable residence on the manor. Who would invest money in a house from which the verdict of the law courts might turn him out? But a building of some kind they must have for the receipt of their rents and the service of their tenants. So after looking about him a little Walter Mauclerk, or one of his immediate successors, pitched upon the spot where Rose now stands, and there erected a small manor-house, at first probably only a peel-tower with its defensive palisade enclosing what went by the name of the "barmekyn," in which rude offices, probably of wood and thatched with straw or rushes, would be gathered for the service of the house.

The choice was a wise one. The situation was healthy and pleasant; a fine rising ground overlooking the valley of the Caldew, sheltered by hills on both sides, and protected by the river. A good Roman road ran near, and it is said to have been a Roman station. Though, as the bishops were to know to their cost, Rose was open to the inroads of the Scotch, that was then a distant fear. The thirteenth century was a time of peace between the two countries, until Edward the First's claim of suzerainty had lighted the conflagration which was to devastate the whole land of Carlisle.

The place, as we have said, was an attractive one, and Mauclerk, or whoever it was that built the first manor-house, gave it an attractive name, "La Rose," "The Rose," as the people in this neighbourhood still call it. Various theories have been invented to explain the name—one that it comes from the Celtic word "rhos," a marshy place; another that it is derived from the red colour of the stone of which it is built. Both theories are untenable. No one who sees Rose seated on its dry, rising ground, could uphold the first for a moment; while red-stone buildings are far too common in Carlisle and its neighbourhood to render the colour of its walls any distinction. As is often the case, the

derivation which lies nearest is the correct one. Romantic and symbolical names were often given to buildings and chambers in the days of minstrelsy. "Heaven" and "Paradise" were frequent titles for bedchambers, and when we remember that the well-known Round Tower at Windsor Castle bore the name "La Rose," and, as the existing accounts for colours and gold leaf and varnish show, that its external walls were painted with red roses, and that the interior walls of Carlisle Cathedral itself were decorated in a similar fashion in honour of the blessed Virgin whose emblem it was, we can have no difficulty in concluding that the bishop's manor of The Rose took its name from the flower. With the view of perpetuating the connection, later bishops have delighted to cultivate roses in and about the castle gardens. Bishop Hugh Percy, to whom Rose owes its present stately character and domestic convenience, drained the moat and formed a beautiful rosary under the direction of Sir Joseph Paxton. He also formed the outer-terrace commanding fine views of Skiddaw and its brethren, and planted a hedge of York and Lancaster roses, which can never be forgotten by those who have been fortunate enough to see them in their July glory.

> "Red are the roses by the Tower
> That stands rose-red o'er Caldew's tide."

To return to its history, Rose has grown gradually, and has seen many vicissitudes, still preserving the castellated type which the circumstances and the times and the vicinity of raiders from the other side of the Border originally impressed upon it.

Repeatedly harried and burnt by Scotch marauders, it has been as repeatedly rebuilt and added to by successive bishops, who have left their names and badges on the towers—Strickland's, Bell's and Kite's Tower—whose square bulk and frowning machicolations tell of the constantly recurring

ROSE CASTLE FROM THE OUTER TERRACE

dangers against which they had to guard. The nucleus of the whole building, as is almost always the case with the castles and domestic buildings of the Border, is the peel-tower at the east end of the northern range, now known as Strickland's Tower. To quote one who has done much to elucidate the architectural history of his native country, Mr. C. J. Ferguson of Carlisle, "It has been said, 'Si vous grattez le Russe vous trouverez le Tartare,' and we may well paraphrase the proverb, and say, 'If you dissect any old domestic building in Cumberland or Westmoreland you will find a peel-tower;' the defensive germ from which the whole house has developed." These peels may be termed the characteristic feature of Border buildings. The picture of Border life drawn in Sir Walter Scott's stirring lines* cannot fail to be familiar to our readers. Wat Tinlinn is the speaker:

"They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burned my little lonely tower;
The fiend receive their souls therefor!
It had not been burnt this year and more.
Barnyard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight."

To provide against these ever-recurring raids, the Borderers built for themselves low solid square towers of stone strong enough to stand a siege even of some days. "They were generally," writes Bishop Creighton,† himself a Cumbrian, "three stories high, and were accessible only by a ladder which led to a wooden platform in front of the door, which was always on the first story. The only way into the ground-floor room was by a trap-door in the floor of the room above. This room was used chiefly as a storehouse. It was vaulted with stone, and if the assailants managed to make a breach and take possession of it they had still to fight their way

* "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto iv. stanza 6.
† "History of Carlisle," p. 82.

STRICKLAND TOWER AND PARADISE WALK

upwards before they could capture the garrison, who could, if needed, retreat to the roof," as a kind of fighting deck. It was the work of a few moments, an alarm being given, to flee into the tower, draw up the platform and the ladder, and secure the door against the foe. The first-floor room was "the house place," the general dwelling and eating-room, and the sleeping-room for the hinds. It generally had a fireplace and chimney, and one corner of it, as we see at Rose, served as an oratory. The room above was the chamber or sleeping apartment. These peels were usually so placed as to be in view of one another, forming a line of watch-towers, from the roofs of which the beacon lights of kindled faggots, for which an iron basket usually stood ready, might be flashed from

post to post to give the alarm in time of danger. The offices, such as the kitchen, bakehouse, granary, &c., were detached buildings in the palisaded enclosure or "barmekyn," of which we have already spoken. A peel-tower cannot have been a luxurious, hardly even a comfortable dwelling; but in those hard fighting days luxury was undreamt of, and comfort but little regarded.

A peel-tower of this description, but of rather larger dimensions, formed the kernel of Rose, of which it remains the most interesting because the least altered part. Who was its first builder is uncertain. Though known as Strickland's Tower from the bishop of that name (1400–1419), by whom it was restored after one of its many firings, the fabric is probably the work of Bishop Halton, the most distinguished bishop who presided over the see in mediæval times (1292–1325). The architecture generally corresponds with that date. After a long period of neglect and decay the tower was repaired by Bishop Lyttleton (1764–1768) and again restored under Mr. Rickman's directions by Bishop Percy (1827–1856.) The tower is of four stories—the cellar, the hall or "house-place," the solar, also probably used as a sleeping-room, and another bedchamber above. The original entrance was as usual on the level of the first floor, by an outside stair. The existing staircase is modern. Steps in the thickness of the wall lead down to the vaulted cellar in the basement. The upper rooms are reached by a circular

ORATORY IN STRICKLAND TOWER

turret stair bulging out of the face of the wall. A piscina on the south side of the chief room marks the position of an oratory, and a garde-robe in the room above shows due attention to sanitary matters. It must have been within the narrow limits of this tower that, in 1300, Bishop Halton entertained Edward I. and his newly espoused second wife, Margaret of France, vaguely described by the chroniclers as "a fair and marvellously virtuous lady," after the celebrated capture of Caerlaverock Castle, obstinately but ineffectually held by a garrison of sixty resolute Scots against Edward's great army. From Rose Edward issued, on September 26th, the writs for the famous Parliament of Lincoln in 1301, when the voice of the assembled barons declared the Pope's interference with the Scottish succession both meddlesome and intolerable, and thus for ever associated Rose with an assertion of national independence that time will not obliterate.

Seven years after this visit to Rose the "malleus Scotorum," while preparing for still heavier blows on his enemies, was laid finally to rest. This greatest of English kings, worn with sickness, disheartened by the ill-success of his arms, and soured by the hopelessness of his policy being vigorously carried on by his unworthy son, quietly passed away, 7th July, 1307, at Burgh-on-the-Sands. With his death the whole character of the Scotch war changed for the worse, and Rose felt the change seriously. Robert Bruce had emerged from his hiding-place, while his rash murder of John Comyn, the former regent, had converted him from one of Edward's partisans into a vigorous asserter of national independence. Having had the Scottish crown placed on his head at Scone, he crossed the Border with a large army. In 1311 he was at Lanercost for three days. In 1314 his brother Edward occupied Rose for the same time, and laid waste the whole neighbouring forest land of Inglewood, while Bishop Halton was besieged in Carlisle. Carlisle Castle, under the capable

DUNGEON UNDER STRICKLAND TOWER

command of Sir Andrew Harclay, having proved too strong for the Scottish army to take, Robert Bruce was forced to raise the siege and retreat. But he retreated only to return again. In 1322 he burnt the unlucky Rose, and twice in that year ravaged the country far and wide. Nowhere in the diocese was there a safe home for the bishop. He fled far afield. Some ninety years before Bishop Mauclerk had purchased the manor of Horncastle from its then possessor, and this little Lincolnshire town became Halton's place of refuge. His connection with the place was strengthened and his revenue increased by the grant of the advowson and great tithes which, after a moving letter to the Pope from Edward II., setting forth in piteous terms the miserable straits to which the bishop was reduced by the maraudings of the Scots, John XXII. in 1381 had appropriated to the see of Carlisle. Strange as it may seem to those who are accustomed to regard a bishop as the spiritual father of his diocese, living and dying in the midst of his own people, Horncastle continued through the Middle Ages to be the chief residence of the bishops of Carlisle. There they held ordinations, and there, in the manor-house, in 1555 died Bishop Aldridge, "scholar, poet, and orator," some time provost of Eton—who, in his youth, had attracted Erasmus

by his "blanda eloquentia," and accompanied him on his famous visit to Walsingham—and there he was buried. The advowson of Horncastle continued in the gift of the bishops of Carlisle till within the last thirty years, when it passed by exchange to the more appropriate patronage of the bishops of Lincoln. More peaceful times having ensued, Halton returned to Rose, where he died November 1, 1324.

After Bishop Halton the chief builder at Rose was Bishop Kirby (1332–52). In 1336 he obtained licence from the king to crenellate his episcopal mansion, *i.e.*, to provide it with battlements and other defensive works, which, in reality, converted it into a castle. Kirby rebuilt Rose as a quadrangle, surrounded by a rampart and ditch, preserving the old peel-tower at the north-east corner, to which he added the banqueting-hall and kitchen and offices, on the east and south sides of the open court. These two sides of the quadrangle have completely perished, their place being occupied by a raised terrace with retaining walls. Kirby's works were doubtless continued by the successor Gilbert Welton (1353–1362), who, in 1356, obtained a second licence to crenellate. On the west side of Strickland's Tower, forming the north side of the quadrangle where is now a vacant space, was the council chamber, called "Great Paradise," forming the great chamber, or solar, with a room or cellar beneath it. Beyond this, still to the west, and in its present position, was the chapel, with the Constable's Tower, furnished with its draw-bridge and portcullis, forming as it still does the chief entrance to the castle.

In the fifteenth century, Bishop Bell (1477–1496) added the square tower which bears his monogram on the north front, against the chapel wall. Towards the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. came John Kite, 1501–1537, who, by Wolsey's influence, had been translated from the uncomfortable archbishopric of Armagh to the titular

archbishopric of Thebes ("*in partibus infidelium*"), and to the more substantial preferment of the bishopric of Carlisle, and who proved a faithful friend to the fallen cardinal in his adversity. Bishop Kite completed the quadrangle by the erection of the western side, including the tower, which still bears his name, where the chief living rooms of the modern palace are situated. By that time some degree of privacy had become a necessity. The great hall no longer satisfied the requirements of ordinary life, and Bishop Kite's new wing was furnished with private parlours and bedchambers, connected by corridors and galleries. He died here in 1537. The upper room in Kite's Tower goes by the somewhat ghastly name of "the hangman's room," and is said to be the home of a ghost.

THE DRAWING-ROOM AND DINING-ROOM WINDOWS

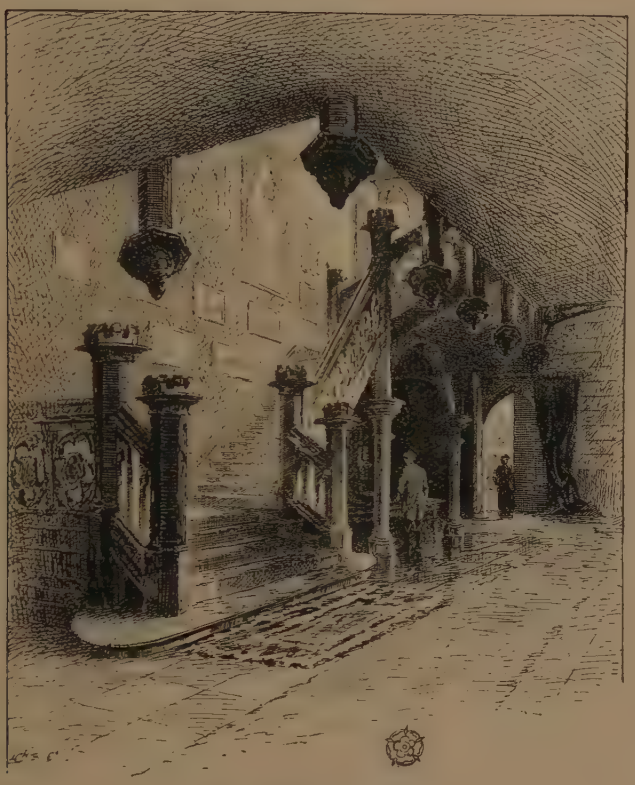
Passing from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century we find Rose once more suffering from the troubles of the times. In 1645 it was held for the Royalists, but taken by the

Parliamentarians and used for some time as a prison for the defeated Cavaliers. The pendulum swinging in the opposite direction, on the outbreak of the second civil war in 1648, it was again garrisoned by the Royalists, but after a two hours' assault, it was taken by storm and once more burnt by order of Colonel Cholmley. Fuller, always quaint, writes, "Rose Castle, the bishop's best seat, hath lately the rose therein withered, and the prickles and the ruins thereof only remain."

Sold by the Parliament to its first Puritan captor, Colonel Heveringham, who is said to have fitted up the offices as a residence for himself, on the Restoration it returned to the see and the first appointed bishop. Dr. Richard Sterne at once began to patch up the ruins. But his tenure of the see was short, and in 1664, after only four years' occupancy, he was translated to York, leaving the work so incomplete that his successor, the holy and assiduous Dr. Rainbow (1664–1684), found it necessary to rebuild the chapel which Sterne had re-edified, with two good parlours below, now the bishop's library and study, and to spend a large sum upon the house generally. In the time of the next bishop but one, the learned and very busy prelate, William Nicolson, one of the most noteworthy men who has filled the see (1702–1718), Rose was once more in jeopardy from the hasty and ill-conceived rising of the Jacobites in 1715. The bishop, writing to Archbishop Wake, says, "They had fully prepared to have given me a visit, and to that end hovered a whole day on the banks of the Eden; they were, however, prevented from doing so by the swollen state of the river."

During the rebellion of 1745 Rose had a still more narrow escape. A picturesque story tells that the gallant leader of the Jacobite troop, Captain Macdonald, withdrew his men on learning that Mrs. Dacre, the daughter of the then bishop, Sir George Fleming, had only just lain in, and that her infant

daughter, afterwards Rosemary, Lady Clerk, was about to be christened, and that he pinned his white cockade on the child's cap as a protection. Though confirmed by the testimony of the lady herself, who necessarily could only have



THE MODERN STAIRCASE

been a hearsay witness, the legend is unhappily refuted by the stern logic of dates. The white cockade which was long religiously preserved in the family, although it is now lost, was a proof of some substantial truth underlying the story. It may have been given by the gallant soldier to secure the safety of the mother and her infant, but that it was

given on the day of her birth and at the time of her christening is certainly untrue.

The current tradition is prettily told by Mr. Hardwicke Rawnsley:

"'Fear not, fear not,' Macdonald said,
'I have a wife and bairnies three.
What will they call the little maid?'
'Good sir, they name her Rosemarie.
Mary, the rose without a thorn,
From her they name the babe new-born.'

"Then round Macdonald turned and swore,
'If Rosemary were out in bloom
I would not burst the Castle door,
Or let my gallants rob a room.
Here, nurse, go take this white cockade,
Go pin it on the little maid.

"'For if our troopers come this way,
And that cockade and babe be shown,
They shall not dare to rob or slay,
While brave Prince Charlie seeks his own.
God speed his cause, and long life be
To Castle Rose and Rose Marie.'"

Rose Castle assumed its present aspect under the large-hearted and liberal-handed bishop, Hugh Percy, at the beginning of his nearly thirty years' episcopate (1827–1856). He found Rose in a very bad state; much was out of repair, or what had been done in the way of rebuilding had been badly done. Bishop Percy's predecessor, Bishop Venables Vernon (afterwards Vernon Harcourt), had a numerous and increasing family. The income of the see was not large and he lived in great simplicity, contrasting strongly with the magnificence of his archiepiscopal state at Bishopthorpe. The story went that when the nurseries would no longer contain the growing tribe, the village mason and joiner were called in to knock up a new room. Whether this is a libel or not, Bishop Percy's line of action was very different. He determined that the Castle should be completely restored, and that

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL

the work should be done in the best manner possible.' The architect called in was Rickman, the plump little Quaker who was the first to reduce the study of Gothic architecture to a system. Rickman's buildings at Rose, as everywhere else, show the gulf that often exists between theory and practice. His writings on architecture are far more commendable than the architecture he produced. Still at that time it is difficult to say whether any one would have succeeded better, and the buildings at Rose have the merit of interior convenience, and an exterior which, if rather flat and bald, is not quite at variance with ancient models. The whole work was done on the most liberal scale. Having borrowed money on the see for the substantial repairs and rebuilding, the whole of which was paid off in his lifetime,' he spent £40,000 of his own money on what he called the luxuries—Strickland's Tower, the terraces, gardens, and so forth. Very little has been left for later prelates to do, except to maintain what

Bishop Percy so nobly provided, and to add decorative works which were not dreamt of in his time.

On approaching the Castle through the low-arched gate-house, which has a room for the warder to the right, we have before us the long north front, broken by the machicolated entrance tower, and to the left Bishop Bell's tower, and farther still, only joined on by a terrace wall, where once the Council Chamber stood, Bishop Strickland's tower, the kernel of the whole building. At right angles stretches the west front, from which projects the tall stern mass of Bishop Kite's tower. On entering the court-yard we find only two sides of the quadrangle standing, the northern and western. The whole building is of the local red sandstone, rich of hue. The most conspicuous feature on the north side is Bishop Rainbow's chapel, altered and feebly Gothicised by Rickman. The western block was almost rebuilt by Bishop Percy. It has two oriel windows side by side, lighting the dining-room below and the drawing-room above. The design, frigidly correct and entirely devoid of inspiration, carries Cambridge men back to the buildings by the same architect at St. John's.

WINDOWS IN KITE'S TOWER

The interior is too distinctly modern to call for description. The chief apartments are well proportioned and of good size. The steps of the chief staircase of polished oak supply a

welcome bit of colour. The only portion of the interior which challenges attention is the chapel; a large and lofty apartment, with four Gothic windows to the south, and one to the east, filled with rich stained glass. The walls, which were left whitewashed by Bishop Percy were stencilled under Bishop Harvey Goodwin's direction with red roses and pomegranates. The wood and plaster ceiling was also enriched, and the altar raised and supplied with fine furniture and hangings. The panelling of the stalls, of the familiar linen pattern, came from Lambeth Palace, a gift from Archbishop Manners Sutton to Bishop Percy, who was his son-in-law. The general effect of the chapel is rich and harmonious.

There is a good collection of portraits of the bishops, the property of the see, prints the greater part, but some paintings in oil. The latter include Bishop Smith by an unknown artist, and Bishop Nicolson. There is also a portrait of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, 1673, presented by herself.

The grounds of Rose Castle are extensive and beautiful,

THE OLD GATE AND HOUSE

commanding delightful views of the Lake Hills. The delicious rosary has already been mentioned. One curious adjunct to an episcopal residence, speaking loudly of the change of manners and the amelioration of tastes, is the cockpit, where matches are said to have been at one time fought for the amusement of the bishop and his friends.

Norwich Palace.

XI

WHEN, in the closing years of Rufus's evil reign, Herbert de Losinga gave the long-wandering East Anglian see a settled home at Norwich, it was the bishop's earliest care to provide his new foundation with buildings worthy of its dignity, and adequate to the varied work of which it was to be the centre. The site chosen was the Cowholm, a "holm," or plot of hard ground on the east side of the city, rising out of the marsh formed by the sluggish waters of the Wensum, on which the tenants of the Manor of Thorpe had been wont to pasture their cattle. Here, some time in 1096, Herbert laid the foundations of a stately cathedral, more than 400 feet in length (exclusive of the Lady Chapel), which remains, with the exception of Peterborough, the least altered of any Norman minster, and one of the most dignified examples of that style in its stern majesty.

The bishop's next care was to provide a home for the monastic body, who were to maintain the daily worship in the new church, and minister at its altars. This, according to the wise rule which regarded unimpeded sunlight as essential to the health and cheerfulness of its inmates, was placed on the south side of the cathedral, abutting against the walls of the huge nave. And then, after the example of King Solomon

who first built the House of the Lord and that of its ministers, and then built his own house, Bishop Herbert set about providing a home for himself and his successors in the see—in the technical sense a "palace." The south side of the cathedral being already occupied by the monastic establisment, the bishop built his house on the north side. The motive assigned was a worthy one—to secure the privacy of the inmates of the monastery; in the words of his early biographer, "that their minds should not be distracted from the contemplation of heavenly things by the goings to and from of men."

However wholesome this precaution, it has entailed on all future Bishops of Norwich the discomfort of a sunless home. Placed immediately under the north wall of the cathedral, and indeed until quite recent times actually touching it, its vast bulk deprives the palace for full half the year of the southern sun, and renders it cold and cheerless. But, whether in sun or shade, the bishop's house is where all bishops' houses ought to be, close to his cathedral church, in the episcopal city, the very heart of the diocese, accessible to all who need his fatherly counsel and help. The evident suitability of the position led Bishop Stanley indignantly to reject the proposal to exchange the palace for some more attractive country house in the vicinity of the city. "A bishop," he said, "should always be at his post in the chief city of his diocese." A like proposition has been recently met in the same manner by the present bishop.

The palace as built by Bishop de Losinga was in plan like a capital L. The lower stroke would represent the chief body of the building running northwards from the north aisle of the cathedral. It consisted of a long, low under-croft roofed with a barrel-vault, with the habitable rooms above. The northernmost of these, which is now the drawing-room, appears to have been the hall, standing on a lofty vaulted basement, with walls of enormous thickness, altered and adapted to its present

THE KITCHEN

purpose as the kitchen in the fourteenth century. But this upper floor has been so much altered at various periods that scarcely any trace of De Losinga's building is to be seen. The outline of a Norman window on the east face, however, shows that the walls are mainly of his time. The north-west corner of the palace is entirely modern, and of the long wing stretching eastward, which contains the dining-room, only the vaulted substructure, now the servants' hall, is ancient. The vaulting and the piers that support it, like those of the kitchen, are of the fourteenth century, but a half-buried Norman doorway, now converted into a window on the south side, claims De Losinga or one of his immediate successors as its first builder.

A private chapel was essential to the completeness of any mediæval mansion, even that of a layman. As the foundations showed, when excavated in 1859, De Losinga's chapel was a detached building, 132 ft. long by only 28 ft. wide, ending in a semicircular apse, and standing to the

east of the palace. Early in the fourteenth century the chapel was pulled down and rebuilt on the old foundations by Bishop Salmon (1299–1325). In his days the apsidal termination had gone completely out of fashion, and in the new chapel there was a return to the square end, which had in England preceded the Norman apse. Bishop Salmon, though more conspicuous for the part he played in civil

THE MAIN FRONT AND RUINED PORCH

matters, as ambassador and chancellor, than as an ecclesiastic, and, as it would seem, seldom making Norwich his residence for more than a few days at a time, was a great benefactor to his palace. Besides the chapel he added to it a magnificent hall, with kitchen and buttery attached, and generally remodelled the building. This hall, measuring 120 ft. by 60 ft., and, like the Episcopal Halls at Lincoln and Wells, and the King's Hall at Winchester, divided into three aisles by rows of clustered pillars, was totally destroyed by the Great

ALNWICK GATE

Rebellion, the two-storied porch alone remaining. From this relic, an exquisite example of the Decorated style at its very best, we may judge of the beauty of the vanished hall, while we have a measure of its dimensions in the fact that the present chapel, though of considerable size, only occupies the breadth of its southern end. The windows of the chapel, transferred by Bishop Reynolds (1661–1676) from Salmon's ruined chapel to his new building, are beautiful specimens of

flowing tracery in its early purity, and help us to realise the greatness of our loss in both buildings.

But Salmon's magnificent additions to the palace entailed a very onerous burden on his successors. From his time onward, the house almost always proved too large for the bishops. They commonly resided at their more modest manor-houses, and allowed the palace to fall into decay. A century later, Bishop Tottington (1407–1413), when, after long delay, he had at last obtained consecration, at once set about the substantial repair of the palace. In his brief episcopate of six years he succeeded in redressing the neglect of his predecessors. His successor, Richard Courtenay, during a still shorter term of office, never set foot in his diocese, committing the administration to his suffragan, the titular Archbishop of Smyrna, who resided in the newly restored palace. A cloister, or covered way, paved with variegated tiles, "*ad oculorum voluptatem*," connecting the palace with the cathedral, was erected by Courtenay's successor, John Wakering (1416–1425). Of this cloister, as of the new chapter-house built by Wakering, no trace remains.

Of the great architectural activity of the prelate that followed, William Alnwick (1426–1436), we have an existing memorial in the noble gate-house which still gives entrance to the episcopal precincts. Ten years after Alnwick had been translated to Lincoln, where he re-edified the episcopal palace (the uneventful episcopate of Bishop Brown intervening), Bishop Lyhart (1446–1472), a Cornishman, was chosen to the see. Though his munificence as a builder was unbounded, the magnificent vaulted roof of the cathedral nave being his work, the only things in the palace we can ascribe to him with any degree of certainty, are the great wooden doors of Alnwick's gatehouse, which bear his rebus carved on their outer face. These doors may have been set up in honour of the visit of Henry VI., who came to Norwich

on Saturday, August 29, 1449, from the house of the Earl of Suffolk at Costessey, and spent Sunday at the palace. The present drawing-room, an apartment of magnificent proportions, which still shows some traces of Perpendicular architecture, may have been erected in preparation for the royal visit.

A century later, the palace was so seldom occupied by the bishop that the fierce persecutor and evil-liver Bishop Nix (1501–1536), in 1535 granted an 89-years' lease of Salmon's magnificent hall, with the kitchen and other offices, to the Mayor and Corporation for keeping the great Guild feast of St. George, extending over a fortnight, "unless the palace were inhabited by the king, the queen, or *the bishop*." Nix was succeeded by a still worse man, if possible, William Rugg, called also from his birthplace Repps (1536–1549) —"a base and truculent time-server, prepared to lend himself to any measure, however infamous, which the king and his creatures might order to be carried out."* Rugg received a much impoverished see. Before his appointment, the bishopric was stripped bare of the whole of its endowments at the hands of the royal spoiler, who re-endowed it with the estates and revenues of the mitred abbey of St. Bennet at Hulme, of which Rugg was abbot, and the priory of Hickling. The larger monasteries had not at that time passed under the king's confiscating hand. And so, singularly enough, it comes to pass that the abbey of Hulme is the only monastic-house in England which has never been dissolved, the Bishop of Norwich being entitled, it is said, to take his seat in the House of Lords as Abbot of St. Bennet's. Rugg followed his master's example in the work of spoliation. Whatever was saleable he sold, and tried even to alienate the very palace. Failing in this, he transferred to it the carved-oak panelling of the abbot's chamber at the

* Jessopp, "Diocesan History of Norwich," p. 168.

deserted Hulme, of the quaint devices of which we shall have to speak hereafter.

Under Parkhurst, the first of the Elizabethan bishops (1560–1575), the scene changed. He made the palace his usual residence, and spent largely on its repairs, keeping house in lavish style; "a genial, scholarly, pliant, hospitable gentleman," writes Dr. Jessopp, "but little more." Parkhurst, in 1578, enjoyed the burdensome honour of receiving Queen Elizabeth as his guest for nearly a week. Contemporaneous authors furnish a prolix account of the elaborate pageants, embracing the chief tenants of Olympus, which were prepared for the queen's entertainment. From one of the windows of the great chamber, the present drawing-room, her Majesty heard a poetical address from Mercury in the greenyard below, laden with the most fulsome flattery. Elizabeth highly enjoyed her visit, and left with regret. "The doleful time for her departure having come," the Queen mounted her horse and, "shaking her riding-rod, did say, 'Farewell, Norwich,' the water standing in her eyes."

Passing over a long interval in which one bishop followed another with a rapidity disastrous to the well-being of the diocese, very few making Norwich their home, we come to the great national upheaval of the Civil War, ending in the overthrow of the Crown and Church. At the fiercest moment of the storm, November 15, 1641, Joseph Hall,* a name never to be mentioned without reverence and affection, was translated from Exeter to Norwich. Lambeth had just before been attacked by a furious mob, Archbishop Laud had been committed to the Tower, and Earl Strafford had been beheaded. Before he had ever seen his new see, Hall, with his brother bishops (January 30, 1642), was sent to the Tower on a charge of high treason, "in all the extremity of

* The well-known author of "Contemplations on the Old and New Testament," and many other religious works.

frost, at eight o'clock in the dark evening." Released after Whitsuntide, he came down to Norwich and took up his residence in the palace with his wife and children, "the times every day growing more impatient of a bishop." The following March came out the "Ordinance of Sequestration," the results of which to himself Bishop Hall has graphically described in his "Hard Measure." The palace was invaded, and the whole of its contents seized in the name of the

THE DUNGEON

Parliament and put up for sale, "not so much as a dozen of trenchers, or my children's pictures," he writes, "being left out of their curious inventory." Even the "very wearing clothes" of the family barely escaped "their diligent severity." At another time the palace was rudely ransacked by armed troopers searching for arms; the gates were besieged by a rabble, who, finding them locked and too strong to be forced, climbed over the walls to hunt for delinquents. The chapel was visited by the inquisitors for "superstitious pictures and relics of idolatry." The painted windows "full of images" and "pictures of ancient and worthy bishops" were found

very offensive and were ordered to be demolished. They were only spared—to be destroyed later on—on the bishop's promising to have "the heads taken off," since he knew "the bodies could not offend."

Hall's vivid account of the "furious sacrilege used in reforming the cathedral," when, as a fitting conclusion to the work of devastation, the church was "filled with musketeers, drinking and tobacconing as freely as if it had turned ale-house," has been often quoted and need not be repeated here. Hall was for a time allowed to remain in the palace, "though with but a poor retinue and means." But "the house was held too good for him," and with only three weeks' warning, he and his family were ejected, and "might have lain in the street," had not a kind neighbour in the close opened his doors to them. Bishop Hall's narrative ends with these touching words: "This hath been my measure; wherefore, I know not. Lord, Thou knowest who alone canst remedy and end, and forgive or avenge this horrible oppression." He never left his diocese, finding refuge in a house in a suburb of Norwich, "dispensing to the last his gentle charities, and showing a brave heart and a Christian temper which all the malice of his enemies could not ruffle."*

During the Great Rebellion, Norwich Palace shared the fate of most bishops' houses. The lead was stripped off the roof; the casements were torn from their hinges; all that could be was turned into money, and the shattered walls were patched up into separate tenements for poor families. The great hall became a meeting-house for "Fifth Monarchy" men and other violent sectaries, one of whom, "a comber," by trade, named Wayneford, was charged in the Mayor's Court, in 1650, with having "openly made prayers that the Lord would be pleased to throw down all earthly power and authority and consume them utterly, and set up the kingdom

* Jessopp, "Diocesan History of Norwich," p. 201.

BISHOP'S BRIDGE, NORWICH

of His Son." Whether any punishment was meted out to this fanatic we are not informed.

When Monarchy was restored, and the Church with it, good Bishop Hall had found peace in the grave; and a new bishop had to be provided for the vacant see. Conciliation was then the order of the day. Bishoprics were offered to leading Presbyterians. Baxter declined the office, but persuaded his friend Reynolds, whose objections to episcopacy were not so deeply rooted, to accept consecration. He was accordingly sent to Norwich, where his mild and beneficent rule lasted for fifteen years, 1661–1676. He made the palace his home, repairing its ruins and more than rendering it habitable.

The chapel had been little used by recent prelates. Indeed, Bishops Overall and Harsnet had granted it to the Walloons for their services, and, having been completely ruined by the Puritan rabble, it was now past repair. So Reynolds pulled it down, and with its materials erected the present chapel, in a vault at the east end of which he was buried. His monument occupies the wall by the side of the altar, and facing it is that of his learned successor, Anthony Sparrow (1676–1685). We must not dismiss Bishop Reynolds without mentioning that we are indebted to him for the "General Thanksgiving" in the Book of Common Prayer—a priceless legacy to the Church.

The latter history of the palace furnishes little to record. The succession of bishops was rapid, fifteen occupying the see in little more than a century. Of these, only five died Bishops of Norwich. Ely was their usual destination. The motto of most was "*Altiora peto*," and, regarding the see merely as a stepping-stone to higher preferment, took little pains to improve the house or even keep it in repair. Bishop Trimnell (1707–1721) and Bishop Gooch (1738–1748), both of whom were translated, the one to Winchester, the other to Ely, were honourable exceptions to the rule of

neglect. Nor do the successive occupants of the palace furnish much to record. Few dioceses were so completely benumbed by the lethargy of the Georgian era as that of Norwich; nor, as a rule, did the bishops take much pains to disturb it. They were generally mild, amiable gentlemen, who fulfilled the official duties of their station unostentatiously, but showed little energy in promoting the spiritual life of their flock. Had his life been prolonged, brighter things might have been looked for from the episcopate of the pious George Horne (1790–1792), the author of the once widely read but now half-forgotten "Commentary on the Psalms." But he was in failing health on his appointment, and he was in his diocese barely a year. On arriving at the palace, then entered by a flight of steps on the west front, he remarked sadly that he "had come to them when he could neither go up nor down them with safety." On the same occasion he is reported to have remarked on the large crowd which had assembled to witness the arrival of the new bishop, and to have received the not very flattering answer that there had been "a much bigger crowd the other day to see the woman hung." By his chaplain's advice he adopted the plan of taking a "morning dram" of fresh air in the palace garden. But all proved ineffectual, and he died at Bath in January 1792. Like most men in earnest in religion at that epoch, Horne was currently accused of Methodism. Considering John Wesley an ordained minister of the Church, he interposed no objection to his preaching in his diocese.

In the episcopate of Horne's successor, Bishop Manners Sutton (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), a visit to the county by Prince William Frederick (afterwards Duke) of Gloucester, in 1800, was the occasion of a festivity which we should now regard as hardly in keeping with a bishop's house. A grand ball was given—not by the bishop but by Mrs. Manners Sutton—which was opened by that lady, with the

royal prince as her partner, who "charmed everybody by his affability." "The long arched passages," we are told, "were tastefully decorated in the Arcadian style with evergreens and flowers, and brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps, producing an effect truly picturesque and enchanting."

After the easy and indulgent rule of Bishop Bathurst, lasting thirty-two years, the lethargic diocese was quickened into new life by the wholesome but unconventional vigour of Bishop Stanley. The dilapidated and desolate palace, untenanted for about three years, became a bright and cultured home, the centre of new diocesan activities and philanthropic agencies of many kinds, and narrow decorum was startled by the reception under an episcopal roof of the Roman Catholic priest, Father Mathew, the temperance advocate, and Jenny Lind, then chiefly known as an opera-singer. But it is rather in connection with his more distinguished son, Arthur Stanley, the well-known Dean of Westminster, than with the Bishop himself, that the palace will be remembered. The future Dean's room was a small, low-ceiled attic, bedroom and study in one, at the end of a long passage towards the cathedral, which still remains unaltered.

STANLEY'S CORNER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

"Thus," writes his biographer, "day by day, year after year, he used to stand at his desk (as years after in his library at Westminster) with his books and papers before him, wrapped in a blue dressing-gown, from ten to one every morning. At one o'clock he came down to lunch, which he usually ate standing with his back to the fire." Lunch over, he took his two hours' walk, wet or dry, then spent another hour or two in his remote corner till dinner-time, after which came the long evening in the family circle in the drawing-room. Here, especially, "he was a shy recluse, seldom talking much. If visitors were suddenly introduced he would hide away in the deep bay of the windows. Those whom he could not escape found him, as a rule, silent, reserved, and shy. How unlike the brilliant story-teller, the delightful companion, the gifted conversationalist of later days!"

Little beyond a much-needed general repair, and the opening of some windows, was done structurally to the palace by Bishop Stanley. On the succession of Bishop Pelham (1857–1893) the house received extensive alterations. Portions were not very wisely demolished; the whole north-west corner was rebuilt; the entrance was changed from the west to the north side, and many alterations were made, tending to promote the comfort and convenience of the house, but in a manner which architecturally leaves much to be desired. In order to secure the safety of the great church from fire, part of the oldest portion of the palace uniting it to the cathedral was pulled down, and, by the destruction of some rooms and a staircase at the east end of the great dining room, the communication between the house and the domestic chapel was cut off, and the latter could only be reached by going out of doors. To remedy this the present bishop has erected a cloister connecting the house and the chapel, and has also fitted the latter with carved oak stalls, and by

the erection of a properly vested and furnished altar has made it assume a more ecclesiastical appearance, while he has restored it to daily use for morning and evening prayer.

Of the architectural character of Norwich Palace there is little to say. Externally it is a very unattractive building. It strikes the visitor, as it struck Arthur Stanley, on his first sight of his future home, both with "its size and its ugliness." It can hardly be said that its exterior, though venerable and fairly picturesque, presents a single redeeming feature; while within, notwithstanding many improvements, it still, to some extent, answers Stanley's description as "among houses what Moscow is among towns; rooms which we may really call very fine side by side with the meanest of passages and staircases."

The palace precincts are entered by Bishop Alnwick's stately gate-house, closed by Bishop Lyhart's strong oaken doors, which have more than once kept out an angry mob. Once through the gates, the first object that catches the eye is the half-ruined vaulted porch of Bishop Salmon's once magnificent hall, of which no other vestige remains. Picturesquely clothed with ivy, it forms a charming subject for the artist's pencil. A winding stair conducts to the chamber above, which, in the last century, was the bishop's muniment-room, but now is the roosting-place of owls and bats. Beyond rises Bishop Reynolds' chapel, with beautiful flamboyant windows, rescued from the ruins of the earlier chapel destroyed by the Puritans.

The only rooms which call for notice are the dining-room and drawing-room, and the oak-panelled room adjoining the latter. These all belong to the earlier fabric, but, with the exception of the last named, have been thoroughly modernised to suit modern views of comfort. The dining-room, in the northern block, stands on a vaulted under-croft, with low octagonal shafts supporting the roof,

recently used as cellars, but now as the servants' hall. It is a lofty, well-proportioned and well-lighted apartment, but though the walls are ancient all its architectural features belong to a very recent epoch, and it is charitable to pass them over in silence. It was probably the "solar" or chief apartment connected with Bishop Salmon's new hall, with which it communicated by a flight of stairs at the east end, which subsequently gave access to the chapel. This staircase, together with some old and interesting rooms adjoining, was destroyed when the palace was remodelled. In the main body of the house the stately drawing-room probably occupies the place of the Norman hall of Bishop Herbert de Losinga. Though this too has been completely modernised, it is essentially a Perpendicular building, and retains, above the coved plaster ceiling, a handsome timber roof, which might with advantage be brought to light again. The only visible trace of the original building is a small, low, deeply recessed pointed window on the east side, near the floor. It is called an oratory; but the description is entirely unwarranted. Adjoining the drawing-room to the south, but on a lower level, is a small room, the walls of which are ornamented with the richly carved oak panelling of the abbot's chamber at Hulme. On one of the panels are the arms of the Abbey of St. Bennet, at Hulme, with the word *Mundus* on a shield above it. Each of the remaining twenty panels exhibits a bust set in a circle, with the name of the personage in a shield above. It is a motley assemblage from sacred and profane history recalling the "good presence of worthies" of Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost." Joshua, Jabin, and Deborah stand side by side with Hercules—or "Arculus," as he is designated—Cyrus and Alexander, Cæsar and Charlemagne, while Ulysses and Penelope, Aurora and Medea help to make up the strangely assorted catalogue.

Below the drawing-room is the kitchen, part of the

THE CHAPEL INTERIOR

Norman fabric, but adapted to its present use in the fourteenth century. Its boldly vaulted roof is upborne by a central octagonal column. A huge, gaping arch, at the north end, marks the site of mediæval fireplaces. Beyond the kitchen stretches the Norman undercroft of De Losinga's building. It has a barrel-roof strengthened by Norman arches from wall to wall. The part next the kitchen serves as the larder; that beyond for coal-cellars and other offices. With all its simplicity it is of great value as an unquestionable remnant of the first palace, and but little altered.

A still more interesting relic of bygone days, when no bishop's house was complete without its "Little Ease," or dungeon for the safe-keeping of heretics and other offenders, is the "souterrain," into which we descend from the south-east corner of the kitchen. This was the bishop's prison, a place without light, without ventilation, without drainage. It is roofed with a rudely constructed stone vault springing from a central column, in which we can still see staples to which the

prisoners' chains were fastened, while shackles which confined their limbs have been found beneath the floor at its foot. With this horrible place we may connect the names of some of the earliest and best known martyrs for "the way which men call heresy."

Here, we can hardly doubt, was imprisoned William Sawtry. As a priest of the diocese of Norwich, he was first arraigned before Bishop Despenser, the *pugil ecclesiæ*, by whom the campaign was opened against the Lollards, with the vow that he would "make them hop headless or fry a fagot." At the first trial Sawtry's courage failed and he abjured. But afterwards preaching the same doctrines in London he was again tried and condemned to the stake; the first person burnt for heresy in England, Feb. 26, 1401. In 1428, under Bishop Alnwick, the den would have been occupied by William White, a priest of Ludham, the first martyr of Norwich who was burnt at the Lollard's Pit, where, in 1531, "little Bilney" ("Saint Bilney" as he was called by his friend Latimer, who owed his conversion to the leader of the Cambridge band of Reformers) was committed to the flames as a "relapsed heretic" by the cruel persecutor, Bishop Nix. Matthew Parker, then at the outset of his Cambridge career, was much attached to Bilney, and on hearing of his condemnation hastened down to Norwich, of which he was a native, to give him what help he could. To obtain any remission of his sentence was impossible, but Parker attended Bilney to the stake, and witnessed his martyrdom, and by his own personal testimony was able to contradict the statement to which no less a person than Sir Thomas More had given currency, that in his last moments Bilney had recanted his recantation.

It is to be regretted that Norwich Palace is not rich in the episcopal portraits which form so attractive and interesting a feature in most of our bishops' houses. There are, however,

portraits of Bishop Parkhurst, Bathurst, and Pelham ; and the present occupant of the see, Bishop Sheepshanks, who is desirous of adding to the number, has obtained engravings of six post-Reformation prelates, and copies from stained glass of representations of four Bishops of Dunwich, the first see in East Anglia.

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